

NO. 5338

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER—JUNE 7 1943

VOLUME CCV

PUNCH



SUMMER 1 NUMBER

Hawitt

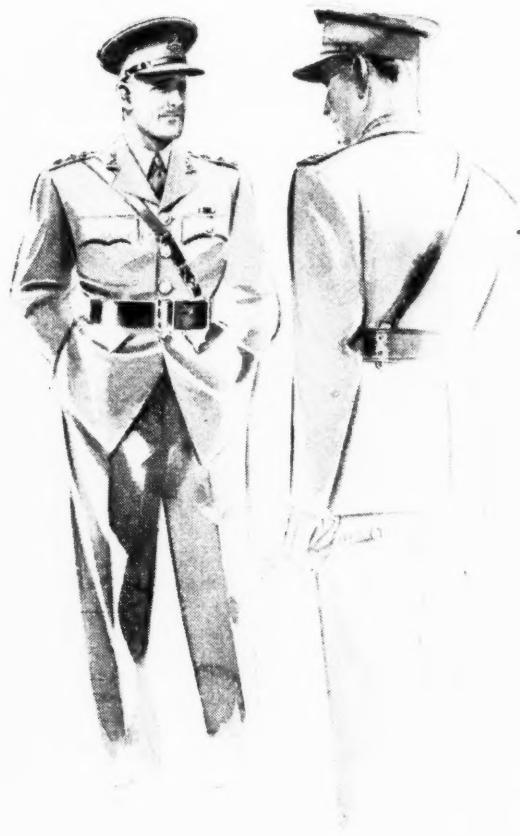


Abdullas *for choice*

The most popular brands are :—

"VIRGINIA" No. 7 • TURKISH No. 11 • "EGYPTIAN" No. 16

They do the whole outfit—from top to toe



Service Jacket and Trousers	from £11 7 6
Khaki Shirt and 2 Collars	from 15 6
Sam Browne Belt and Brace	from 1 17 6
Peaked Dress Cap	from 1 10 0
Shoes	2 10 0
Ties	
Socks	
Braces	
Underclothes	

Are also obtainable at reasonable prices at all branches.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PROVINCIAL CITIES

Telephone : Regent 6789

Ovaltine ^{MIXED} Cold

*is Delicious-
Refreshing- Energising*

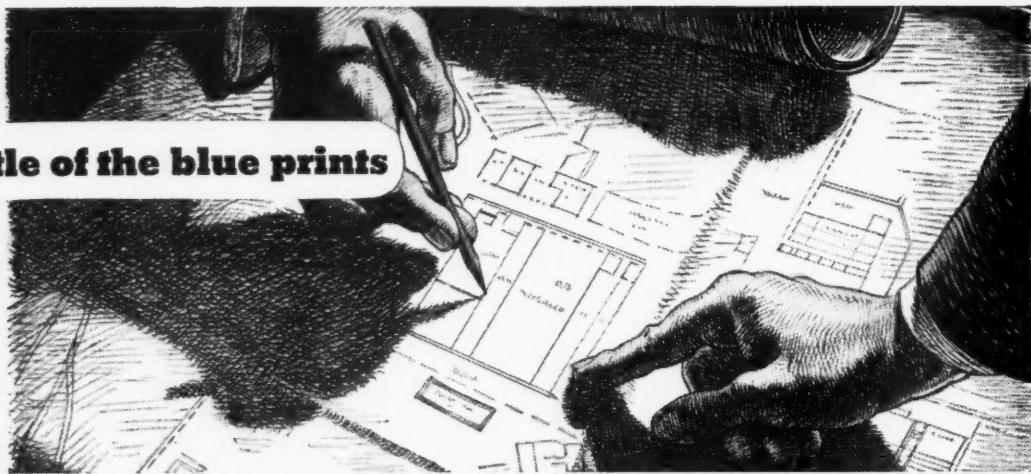


'OVALTINE', mixed Cold, provides everything you could desire in a summer drink. It has a creamy deliciousness all its own. It is coolly refreshing, revitalising and restorative. In fact it possesses all those exceptional health-giving qualities which have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage.

For this reason Cold 'Ovaltine' is an ideal supplement to light summer meals. In the most pleasant of ways it provides proteins, carbohydrates and other nutritive elements required to build up strength, energy, nerves and the necessary vitality for fitness. Make it your constant stand-by.

'Ovaltine' Cold is easily and quickly prepared. Just add 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, milk and water, or water only and mix thoroughly with a whisk, or in a shaker.

The Best Summer Drink yet!



The battle of the blue prints

TO-DAY, brains count no less than brawn. The times encourage swift action, resourceful adaptability. Witness one example which is common knowledge. Not so long ago The Nuffield Organization was a group of automobile manufacturers responsible for a large part of the car production of this country.

To-day it is something immeasurably greater—a vast engineering undertaking whose personnel, plant and experience have placed it in a major position in British industry—an organization whose potentialities must increasingly influence the shape of things to come.

The

NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

A CORNERSTONE OF BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE

Morris Motors Ltd.,
Wolseley Motors Ltd.,
The M.G. Car Co., Ltd.,
Riley (Coventry) Ltd.,
Morris Commercial Cars Ltd.,
S.U. Carburettor Co., Ltd.,
Nuffield Mechanizations Ltd.,
Nuffield Tools & Gauges Ltd.,
Morris Industries Exports Ltd.



THE
ORDER OF THE
BRITISH
EMPIRE
PATON'S
SHOE & BOOT LACES

SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG.
FROM YOUR RETAILER, 3d. to 6d. per pair.

WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND



The name "Meridian" on Men's underwear has ever been an assurance of the highest quality. Now, to that name, are added the words "UTILITY WEAR," because it must conform to austerity specifications and prices. Always the best value for money—it is now the best value for coupons too.

J.B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Estd. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

ON LAND · SEA & IN THE AIR



Built-to-last
BATTERIES for EVERY PURPOSE

OLDHAM & SON LTD., DENTON, MANCHESTER. EST. 1865

BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

FOR POST-WAR PLANNERS ...

*"With what a genius for administration
We arrange the rambling universe
And map the course of man's
regeneration
Over a pipe."*

W. E. HENLEY (1849-1903)

FOR PRESENT DISCONTENTS ...

*"A cigarette is the perfect type of
a perfect pleasure—it is exquisite and it
leaves me unsatisfied. What more
can you want?"*

OSCAR WILDE (1856-1900)

The perfect answer to both suggestions is *Balkan Sobranie* in pipe or cigarette, and when for obvious reasons that cannot be, there is always the solace of '*Sobranie*', blended by the same authentic master hand.

*If you have friends serving in H.M. Forces overseas
your tobacconist can give particulars of special
facilities for sending them Cigarettes and Tobaccos
at duty-free prices.*





Taboo

PRODUCTION has its psychological as well as its physical problems, for some of us are by nature unduly impressed by the orthodox.

As greater inroads are made into the country's resources of labour and materials, improvements in technique will alone remain for further exploitation.

In this spirit the Simmonds Organization wrestles with convention. Its products are born of an imaginative approach to the problems of the hour and evidence abounds that they are effecting great national savings in time, labour and materials.

It is well that the AEROCESSORY came to challenge genuflexion.

SIMMONDS

The Creative Impulse in
AERONAUTICAL, INDUSTRIAL & MARINE
Construction

THE SIMMONDS NUT • PINNACLE NUT • SPIRE NUT
SIMMONDS GAUGES, INSTRUMENTS AND CONTROLS
FRAM OIL & ENGINE CLEANER

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LTD.
GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON

A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

P.17. LONDON, MELBOURNE, PARIS, NEW YORK.

★ Vitabuoy ★ Vitabeau

Life - Saving
OVERCOAT

Military & A.R.P.
TRENCH COATS



MUCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once.

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.I

Telephone: BISHOPSGATE 6565

30,000 feet up!

The higher the altitude—the colder the feet.

Naturally we must not let our Airmen face the intense cold of the stratosphere without the finest protection that can be made. That means sheepskin, and that explains why Morlands Glastonbury sheepskin boots and slippers are scarce. The shops will have a limited number of pairs from time to time, but you may have to wait your turn. *

Please don't order new Glastonburys unless you must. Take care of any you already have and "make do." Use them only on chilly days. Don't soak them and don't bake them near a fire.

* So please do not write to the makers.

MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turnover top.



A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined. Warm, serviceable, and neat.

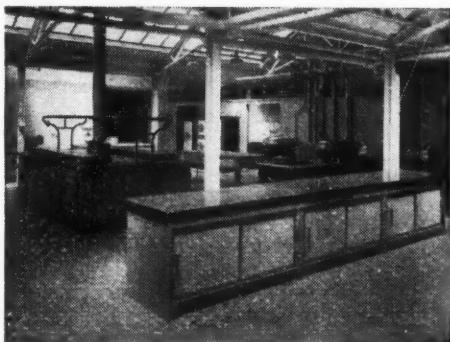
LET ESSE PLAN



EHE problems of Canteen Kitchen planning can be entrusted to our highly skilled staff—experienced in practical work—who will advise you in the choice of the most suitable equipment to meet your particular needs.

The famous ESSE Heat Storage Cookers (burning Anthracite or coke) are designed to give Economy, Efficiency and Reliability. Used alone or in conjunction with our stream lined steam heated equipment they allow of maximum output with minimum of labour.

When writing for particulars ask also for details of ESSE Steam Cooking Equipment, which incorporates the latest approved safety principles with modern design.



Head Office & Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND**

London Showrooms

63 Conduit St., W.1, and 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4

Also at

LIVERPOOL	-	20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH	-	17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW	-	11 Dixon Street, C.I.

FROM THE TRAIL TO KLONDYKE

"as good in the pipe to-day as 45 years ago"

"Dear Sirs,

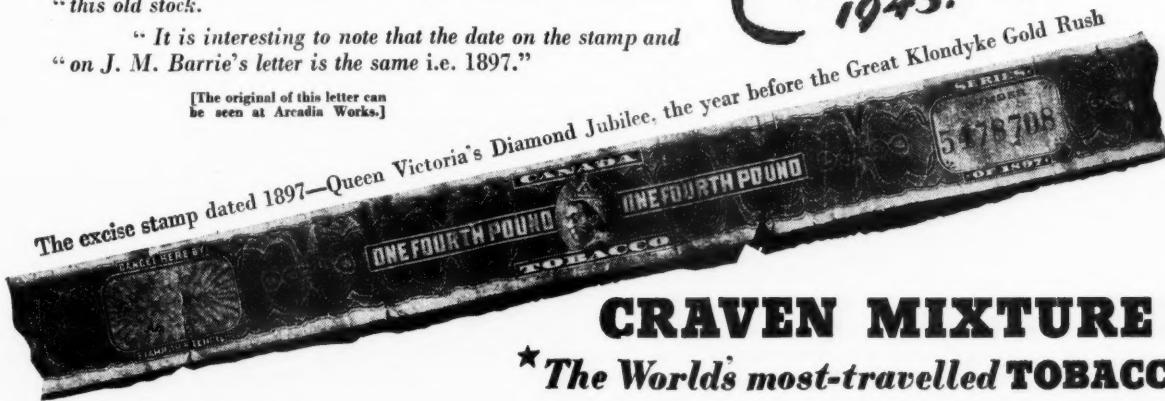
"You may be interested to hear that the enclosed stamp
"is off one of your $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins of "Craven Mixture" and that the
"tobacco is as good in the pipe to-day as it would have been over
"45 years ago when it was packed."

"I am in on a government War Project. The
"small store here has some left over merchandise of Klondyke
"Gold Rush days . . . tins of your tobacco being included in
"this old stock."

"It is interesting to note that the date on the stamp and
"on J. M. Barrie's letter is the same i.e. 1897."

[The original of this letter can
be seen at Arcadia Works.]

Packed
LONDON
1897.
Opened
KLONDYKE
1943.



CAVEN MIXTURE
★**The World's most-travelled TOBACCO**

Craven Mixture is the "Arcadia Mixture" in "My Lady Nicotine" immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie as "A tobacco to live for." Double Broad Cut, Fine Cut, Extra Mild. 2/10½ ounce.



ATKINSONS

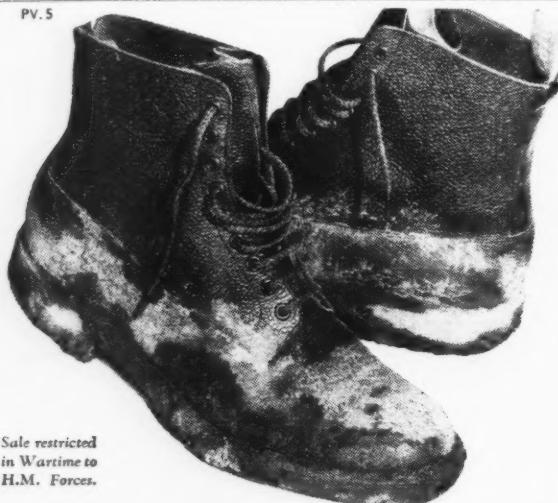
*Eau
de
Cologne*

If Charlotte Brontë or Mrs. Henry Wood are to be believed, a governess in the past had a sad life, her chief solace being escape to her room, where she sobbed her regrets into a lace hanky and dabbed her forehead with Eau de Cologne. Today, her counterpart, running a day nursery with at least 20 children, has no time for self-pity. But when she can get that same exquisite Atkinsons Eau de Cologne, how gladly she uses it to charm away her tiredness. But if she's wise she uses her Atkinsons more sparingly than Jane Eyre or Lady Isobel, because the shops get very limited supplies in war time.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

AEC 136A-96



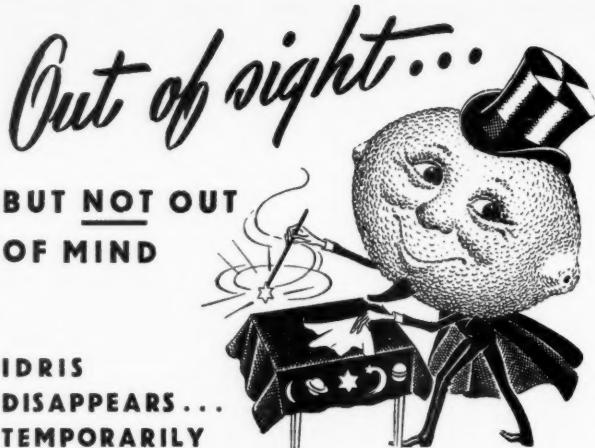
Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

5/4/41.

I wore them throughout the retreat from the River Dyle. We marched about 200 miles and rarely had our boots off. My unit came out eventually from Dunkirk beaches. Through the salt water the boots were white—but they are still going strong.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS



BUT NOT OUT
OF MIND

IDRIS
DISAPPEARS...
TEMPORARILY

IDRIS has done the disappearing act. It has gone (but only for a while) from your tables and is replaced by the standard National Brand of soft drinks. IDRIS will be absent, fortunately, for only as long as the war

lasts. With the peace IDRIS will resume its role as Dispeller of Thirst No. 1 with its cooling delicious flavour and superb quality. Out of sight, yes—but we believe, not out of mind.

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS*Table Waters*IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

For Flying Men

"Windak" is specialised equipment for flying men. The Windak suit illustrated embodies comfort, safety, buoyancy, fire protection, emergency quick-release, and is adapted for electric heating. In the happier days of peace to come, Windak ingenuity and experience will turn to the production of all manner of garments for outdoors and sportswear.

The suits were designed by Baxter Woodhouse and Taylor Ltd., incorporating, amongst others, Irving Patent No. 407445. Baxter Woodhouse and Taylor Ltd., Queen's Buildings, Stockport

HANDY GUIDE to the **SIX BEST TOBACCOS**



Do you know that FOUR SQUARE is made in 6 different blends? They vary in flavour and cut so that every smoker may find exactly the blend that suits his taste, but all are alike in being of medium strength and made from pure, naturally-matured tobacco, without artificial scent or flavouring of any kind. And here they are:

For VIRGINIA Smokers.

RED SQUARES. A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11

YELLOW SQUARES
Similar style to Matured Virginia but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type - per oz. 2/7

BROWN SQUARES
A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7

PURPLE SQUARES
Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavour-some and long-lasting - per oz. 2/7

For MIXTURE Smokers.

BLUE SQUARES. A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Aromatic but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11 per oz. 2/7

GREEN SQUARES
A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf - per oz. 2/7

Now you know as much about it as words can tell you. Remains but to make your choice.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON Ltd., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

P.S.—FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4



Threads from the loom of time



2 THE INCEPTION OF A GREAT BUSINESS

THE actual geographical point upon which the House of Courtaulds first began operations as an independent manufacturing concern is situated in the little village of Bocking, in Essex, where in the year 1816, the firm acquired premises in Panfield Lane.

The business prospered, and, such was the superlative quality of the silks produced by the young Company, that the name of Courtaulds became synonymous with all that was best and most exclusive amongst English silks. Courtaulds advanced to be acknowledged leaders of Victorian fashion—a position soon to be enhanced by a turn in the events of history—

the early death of the Prince Consort, and the subsequent demand for black crape.

To the present generation the name of Courtaulds is famous for the development of rayon and all the lovely fabrics made with it. Unfortunately, Courtaulds rayon is conspicuous by its scarcity in war time, when National needs must take precedence. It will return with Peace, more beautiful and versatile than before. Nor is this all. The name of Courtaulds will be associated with new developments destined to benefit mankind in a measure not less notable than the evolution and perfection of rayon.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



*Get it
at
Harrods*

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

Monk & Glass

CUSTARD

Economical to use—but
use it economically

2½^d PACKET MAKES
2 (separate) PINTS
Still the same high quality
Sold by all good grocers.



Expressions
of
Satisfaction



"It's a piece of Cake"

That's a phrase they have in the R.A.F.—and what an apt one—when everything works out according to plan—when everyone's satisfied. For what is more satisfying than a piece of cake? Made from wholesome ingredients, cake is a valuable food in war time.



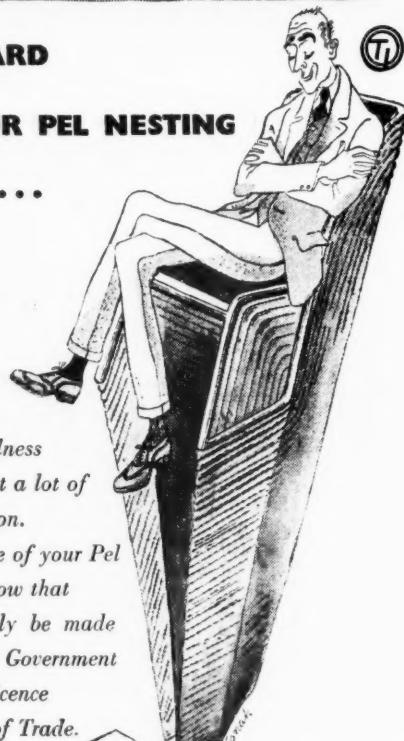
A piece of Cake
is satisfying

CVS-115

KEEP GUARD

OVER YOUR PEL NESTING

CHAIRS



*A little watchfulness
now, may prevent a lot of
discomfort later on.*

*Take greater care of your Pel
Nesting chairs now that
supplies can only be made
against a direct Government
Order or under licence
from the Board of Trade.*



MADE BY PEL LIMITED



OLDbury · BIRMINGHAM

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who was then making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Soon these cigarettes were the choice of every Court in Europe and of every circle whose members cherished the reputation of their taste. To-day Marcovitch Cigarettes are made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

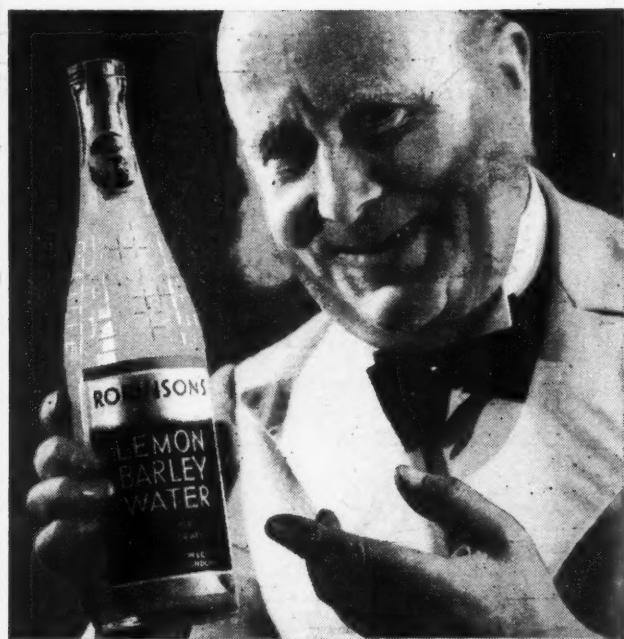
Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
Flat 15 for 2/3—25 for 3/9
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING
MIXTURE



2oz.
Airtight tin
5'10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
in their 99th year.



"My bottle's gone for the duration" says OLD HETHERS

"No, madam, I'm sorry but I shan't be able to serve you with my Robinson's bottled Barley Water while the war lasts. In the meantime, madam, I'm sure I needn't remind you that you don't have to go without my barley water altogether. It's just a matter of going back to what we all used to do before Robinson's put up my barley water in bottles.

In those days we all made our barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, and that's what we're doing today. Flavour? Well, that is a bit of a problem, but a little ingenuity will help to solve that. The juice from stewed or tinned fruit is an excellent substitute for lemon and some people use a little honey or jam. If you have any other ideas, madam, I hope you'll be sure to let me know. My address at Norwich is on the tin."

Barley Water made from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

Don't be Wastefuel!

Warm water at 'wrist' temperature
Is best for 'Celanese'.
So when you wash your Underwear
Do make the 'wrist-test' please !

And when you press your 'Celanese'
A cool iron's best - not hot!
Fuel-saving is an *urgency*
And all this helps a lot.



G181/B

DOLCIAN

Shoes for Men

Designed and made by expert craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable, DOLCIAN Shoes for Men have won for themselves a high place amongst Britain's finest footwear.



Officer's 3-eyelet tie Shoe
in Brown Gorse Calf

There is a

DOLCIS

Shoe Store in every large Town

"Tell me, doctor . . .

. . . will this cut leave a nasty scar on Janet's face?"

When germs invade a cut or wound, the body's natural defences, the white cells of the blood, advance to attack the invaders. Unless the enemy is *promptly* destroyed, the tissue round the wound may become permanently scarred. But when a cut or wound heals by first intention, that is to say quickly, cleanly, and without suppuration, then in normal cases the

scar which remains is usually no more than a faint line, and as a rule barely visible.

To keep wounds germ-free, and in a healthy state to permit clean and safe healing, doctors and surgeons use 'Dettol'. They use it because this modern antiseptic, though deadly to germs, is gentle and kind to tender human tissue. In your own home keep 'Dettol' always handy, and use it *promptly* on every cut or scratch, however small.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
DETTOLE THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
Trade Mark

Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.



KEEP IT GOING!

You realise the value of correct time when you possess a Ferranti Clock. It ensures a prompt start to the day's work and a better chance to keep it going. You're fortunate if the name on your clock is Ferranti

FERRANTI
Clocks

In the very unlikely event of your Ferranti Clock requiring attention send it to the Clock Servicing Department, Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs., where experts will quickly set it going—and keep it going.

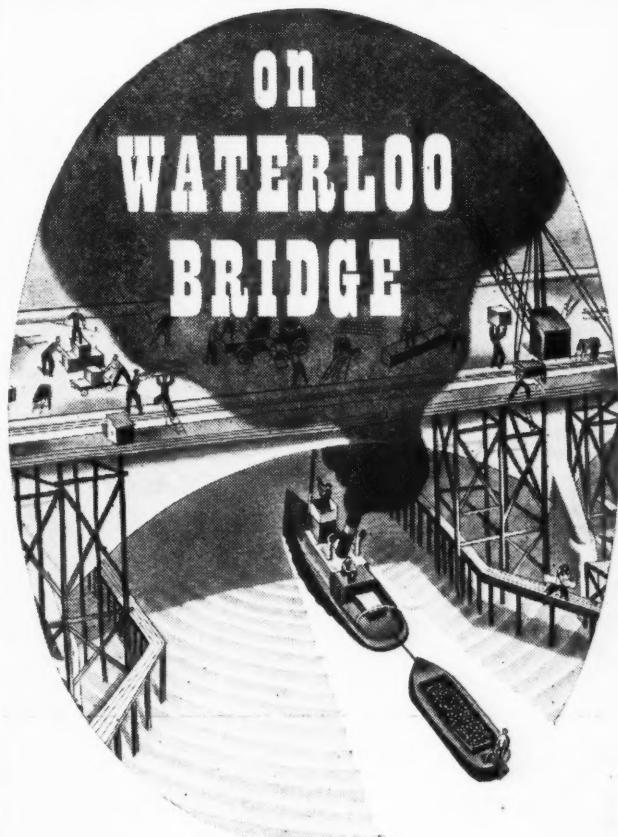


CHECK THE SQUANDER BUG!

You lucky people — you with a little credit balance at the bank — beware ! The Squander Bug singles you out as his favourite victims. He knows how easy it is to write 'Self' on a cheque and go on a spending orgy. Give your Bank Manager a standing order to buy 3% Defence Bonds in your name every month. That's the way to check the Squander Bug !

3% DEFENCE BONDS : Can be bought for cash in units of £5 from any Bank, Stockbroker, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank or by instalments with National Savings Stamps (6d., 2/6 and 5/-). Interest paid half-yearly and Income Tax not deducted from it at source. Bonds repayable in 10 years with bonus of 1/- for each £5 invested. Can be cashed at par at 6 months' notice.

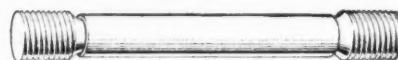
THEY WERE WORRIED



Chaps who build bridges are queer people — always asking for the impossible ! On the new Waterloo Bridge they wanted this thing . . .



to have a cylinder put round it like this



and yet the cylinder had to be smaller than the two ends. As this was a practical impossibility and they knew the steel tube people were impossibly practical, they called them in (like sensible people). The S.T.A.C. designed special tools and did the job with weldless steel tubes. It just goes to show . . .

TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD
STEEL TUBES ADVISORY CENTRE • BIRMINGHAM



Mechanised Smoking

The wartime shortage of cigarette lighters reminds us that we offered a lighting device as long ago as



sories, but the making of high-grade cigarettes and tobaccos has remained our predominant interest ever since we first started business. And while our clientele has increased throughout the country, we still give to every customer a personal consideration in keeping with the Rothman traditions.

At any Rothman shop you will find a first-rate selection of cigarettes and tobaccos — fresh from our blending rooms, and reasonably priced. Call in today, or write to headquarters for details of our postal despatch service. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H8), 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. DUTY FREE Parcels to Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas—particulars on request.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL
*the best-known tobacconist
in the world*

1890. It was a tape-and-spark contrivance, rather curiously described by a well-known clubman as 'an amusing novelty'.

We have always kept in touch with new ideas in smoking acces-



5" of water... (that's patriotism)



a tablet of WRIGHT'S
(that's practical)

That fine old family soap makes a little water do a lot of good work. The lather bubbles generously, cleanses conscientiously and leaves your skin fresh, fit and braced. Yes and the famous coal tar principle is a trusty home-guard against germ raids.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet (Tax included) one tablet — one coupon

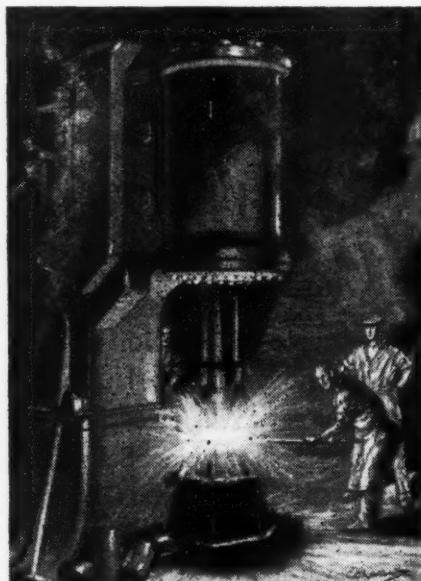


How long will a lemon last?

If you were able to buy a lemon (still not beyond the bounds of possibility) you could keep it perhaps a week or two. If, on the other hand, you buy a bottle of Lembar — and there still is a fair, if limited, quantity amongst chemists and grocers—you can keep it many months before opening and several weeks after if sealed. And since Lembar is 35% pure lemon juice plus Scotch barley, cane sugar and glucose, you've got something you really need in case of sick headaches, biliousness or high temperatures generally.

RAYNER'S
Lembar
Price 2/6 a bottle

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED EDMONTON LONDON N.18



A Forging Hammer at work in one of the Brockhouse factories.

BROCKHOUSE
THE NAME THAT CARRIES WEIGHT

J-BROCKHOUSE & CO LTD WEST BROMWICH STAFFS.



**FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEANS
HEALTH COMES TO THE WORLD**

DEEP IN THESE SEAS swims the halibut. And within the halibut lies the source of one of the most potent aids to health ever discovered. For the doctors and scientists who search ceaselessly for whatever can benefit mankind discovered that halibut liver oil is one of the most richly concentrated sources of the vitamins which protect us from the onslaught of infection and disease.

The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these men—proud to supply them with the tools to fight disease and to help ordinary people to live happier lives.

CROOKES

MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS



The Crookes Laboratories (British Colloids Ltd.) • Park Royal • London • N.W.10



For
FREEDOM

"Freedom" is the word that inspires us all to put our utmost into the war effort. "Freedom in Wear" has always been the inspiration of "Van Heusen" Collars and "Vantella" Shirts. They provide the smartest, neatest, coolest wear under all conditions. "Van Heusen" Collars, in White, Colours, Khaki and R.A.F. blue. "Vantella" Shirts match all colours and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars.

"VAN HEUSEN"
Semi-Stiff Collars

Regd Trade Mark

"VANTELLA"
The Ideal Shirt for Men

Reg'd.

"VAN HEUSEN" by
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,
Taunton, Somerset.

"VANTELLA" by
COTELLA LTD.,
137-138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

"Take a tip from an old stager..."



That's how Lemco is handed down, from generation to generation, to good cooks who count on this fine beef extract enriching their art.



LEMCO

THE ORIGINAL

Concentrated Beef Extract

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON

From a famous Scottish Regiment



"Barneys is serving the remote outposts of Empire still"

"My Battalion have been engaged on operations against the hostile tribes of the North West Frontier. We moved many hundreds of miles from civilisation to relieve the fort of Datta Khel 8 miles from the Afghan border in Waziristan. This fort had been besieged for over three months."

"Having relieved this fort after some hard fighting, we established ourselves in camp. The following day a tribal lorry brought up supplies, and I was overjoyed to see they had three 2-oz. tins of Barneys Punchbowle with them. I succeeded in getting hold of one of these, and the dust and the heat and the flies of the notorious Tochi Valley were forgotten. This tobacco was just as fresh as if I had just purchased it from Sinclair's, my usual tobacconist in Edinburgh."

"Barneys is serving the remote outposts of Empire still, despite the demands made in the larger theatres of war."

TRIBUTE TO
Barneys
JOHN SINCLAIR'S

★ Barneys (medium) Punchbowle (full) Parsons Pleasure (mild) 2/9½d. oz.

(266) MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

®



A Summer Morning on the London Road. 1843.

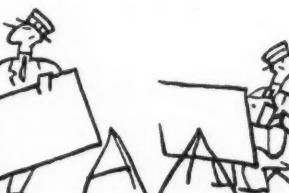


—and 1943.



"And this time next year what will they say? It'll be 'Improve on whatever you done last year!'"

WAR ARTIST

Tongassan*It's quite easy—**if anyone asks you—**you just—**show—**your—**permit—**and—**after that—**tney—**leave—**you in—**perfect—**peace!*

The Bells

OAK COTTAGE,
WRENCHAM.

April 25th, 1943

SIR,—Parliament has now sanctioned the ringing of bells in places of worship. As a regular churchgoer I thoroughly endorse this policy. It is my simple belief that the countryside—nay, the country as a whole, is enriched by the sound of church bells pealing out over hill and valley. The vicar of this parish, however, a man of somewhat narrow views, declines to countenance the ringing of the bells on days other than Sundays unless special permission to do so is obtained in advance.

I therefore request your authority for the bells of St. Swithin's Church, East Bedlington, to be pealed on the occasion of my marriage to Miss Elsie Goodham, which is to be solemnized on June 25th.

TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).

*The Regional Commissioner,
South Centre Region.*

OFFICE OF THE REGIONAL COMMISSIONER,
BATHBURY.

April 30th, 1943

Applications for special exemption from the provisions of the Abatement of Noises Act, 1940, should be addressed to the Ministry of Home Security (C.B.6).

Terence Hope, Esq.

OAK COTTAGE,
WRENCHAM.

3rd May, 1943

SIR,—I am marrying Miss Elsie Goodham at St. Swithin's Church, East Bedlington, on June 25th of this year.

I therefore apply for special exemption from the Abatement of Noises Act, 1940.

TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).

Ministry of Home Security (C.B.6).

OAK COTTAGE,
WRENCHAM.

14th May, 1943

SIR,—Having received no reply to my letter dated the 3rd May I am wondering whether, in a desire to avoid taking up too much of your valuable time, I fell into the opposite error of obscurity.

To clear up any possible misunderstanding I now request that permission be given for the church bells to be rung at the time and place stated in celebration of my marriage to Miss Elsie Goodham (aged 27 years).

TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).

Ministry of Home Security (C.B.6).

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF BELFRIES,
MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY.

20th May, 1943

With reference to your application for exemption from the Abatement of Noises Act, 1940, addressed to this office and bearing date 14th May, 1943.

You are required to furnish information WITHIN SEVEN DAYS on the following points:

- (a) Full name (BLOCK CAPITALS)
- (b) Age
- (c) Previous experience
- (d) Purpose for which exemption is sought
- (e) Duration of required suspension of Abatement regulations
- (f) Distance from nearest *Coast
Industrial area
- (g) Date.

(Signed) JULIUS HOTPOT,
Terence Hope, Esq. For The Controller of Belfries.

* Strike out whichever is inapplicable. For distances over fifty miles state "over fifty miles."

OAK COTTAGE,
WRENCHAM.

24th May, 1943

SIR,—I am replying to the best of my ability to the questions asked in your letter addressed to this cottage and bearing date 20 May, 1943:

- (a) TERENCE HOPE
- (b) Thirty-two (32) years
- (c) I have had no previous experience of bell-ringing, but as I do not propose to ring the bells myself (my presence being required according to Statute in the body of the church) I venture to hope that this will not militate against the success of my application
- (d) Marriage. The bride will be ELSIE GOODHAM (Miss). Age 27 years. Previous experience—NIL.
- (e) If you mean, how long will the bells be rung? the answer is, the duration of about a dozen blithe peals, or say seven minutes. If you mean something else, will you please say so in your next letter?
- (f) I am in a little difficulty here. The nearest bit of coast is, by a coincidence, an industrial area, so that it scarcely seems fair to strike out either as inapplicable. The distance is 24 miles, or three and a half hours by bus.
- (g) †Date on which application is signed—24th May
Date of ceremony—25th June
To-day's date—25th May.

It is now requested that the necessary authority may be given with the least possible delay.

Office of the Controller of Belfries TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).
(C.B.6).

† Strike out whichever is inapplicable.

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF BELFRIES.

2nd June, 1943

The Controller of Belfries has carefully considered your application and regrets to inform you that no vacancy exists at present.

Terence Hope, Esq.

OAK COTTAGE,
WRENCHAM.

4th June, 1943

SIR,—I am venturing to write to you direct in order to clear up a misunderstanding which appears to have arisen over my application for permission to have the bells of

St. Swithin's Church, East Bedlington, rung on the occasion of my marriage to Miss Elsie Goodham on June 25th, 1943.

Your satellite Hotpot (HOTPOT) is under the impression that I am applying for some sort of post as a bell-ringer in your office. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Will you kindly give this matter your personal attention and forward the required authority by return of post.

The Controller of Belfries. TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF BELFRIES.

20th June, 1943

Referring to your letter dated 14th June, 1943, it is regretted that no application from private individuals for exemption from the provisions of the Abatement of Noises Act, 1940, can be entertained.

Terence Hope, Esq.

BELVEDERE HOTEL,
EAST BEDLINGTON.

23rd June, 1943

In that case, why ask me all those fool questions in your letter of May 20th?

Is there a Controller of Bats, or do you combine the two offices under one head?

The Controller of Belfries. TERENCE HOPE (Mr.).

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF BELFRIES.

2nd July, 1943

With reference to your application to this office bearing date 24th May 1943, please state the name (BLOCK CAPITALS) and address of the minister who will be officiating at the ceremony referred to under sub-para. (d).

The above information is required to enable us to complete our records.

JULIUS HOTPOT,

Terence Hope, Esq. For *The Controller of Belfries.*

H. F. E.

o o

The Phoney Phleet

H.M.M.T.B. 9E

THE movements of a British ship
Are very secret. One small slip
Might let the enemy find out
Just what our Navy is about.
In consequence an envelope
Containing any secret dope
Is marked "FOR OFFICERS ALONE."
All Rights Reserved. Not To Be Shown
To Able Seamen. To Be Stowed
Away From Boilers. Secret Code."
One instance more, as you'll agree,
Of that enlightened subtlety
Whereby the Navy guards our shores.
Yet even perfect schemes have flaws
And so has this.

Our M.T.B.s

Work mostly in the narrow seas,
But sometimes they proceed abroad,
Which happened to 9E. On board
She had a Sub-Lieutenant and
Ten ratings, with a Leading Hand,
One C.P.O., and that was all.
Some two weeks out she made a call
At X, a most unhealthy spot.
While here, the Sub-Lieutenant got

A fever of the coloured kind
And therefore he was left behind.
9E steamed off, but very soon
Was wrecked because of a typhoon
And beached, in true romantic style,
Upon the usual coral isle.
The stores were salved, or nearly all,
Which made it possible to call
Headquarters on the radio,
Reporting that they didn't know
Their whereabouts at all, but thought
That they could make the nearest port,
Given the necessary charts
And sundry other missing parts.

The Admiral Commanding Ships
Adrift Through Divers Little Slips
(A.C.S.A.T.D.L.S.)

Looked after all this business
With very great dispatch. He wrote
A personal and charming note
Enclosing secret charts and maps
With information which perhaps
He shouldn't have sent out but might
Just help them in their present plight.
It was a risk; but he made sure
The envelope was quite secure,
And marked it with his fountain-pen
As in lines 7, 8, 9, 10
(q.v.).

Some sixteen weeks went by
And then the coral island sky
Resounded with the welcome noise
Of aeroplanes. The Navy boys
Waved frenziedly and clapped their clams,
They yodelled loudly on their yams,
Threw bread-fruit there and turtles here
(I'm rather good at atmosphere)
To show that they were jolly bucked—
Especially when a pilot chucked
The needed parcel from the plane.

Alas! They never cheered again.
Their clams were mute, as were their yams;
They sat around upon their hams
(The part between the hips and knees)
Or sadly climbed the Bongo trees.
Just think! To stay there all their lives!
Never again to see their wives!
Never again . . .

You ask me why?
How did they know? Let me reply.
The words that made them give up hope
Were blazoned on the envelope:
"FOR OFFICERS ALONE." No more.
That was the key that locked the door,
The reason why their spirits sank,
Since there was no one of that rank
Among them. There the packet lay
And there it lies until this day
Unopened, 'neath the coral sky,
Until some officer comes by.

How sad! How coral! And how true!
How . . . Thank you, mine's a double too.



"I was his governess."

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER



G. O. C.

H. J. Talking

SOMETIMES for holidays I go to a little place called Sump Ash. It was once a busy factory area but has since decayed and there are only vestiges left of its former glories. It is now held by a number of small landowners, with the Official Receiver as Lord of the Manor, with the right of claiming the services of the eldest daughter of any inhabitant as a parlourmaid. Sump Ash is on the edge of an industrial region and the thin farming land of the Skaggles. In one's walks one frequently meets evidence that the country is not far away, among such being grass between the paving-stones, birds on their way to or from the country, and non-resident dentists. On the site of the recreation ground there are the roots of a giant oak.

I usually manage to get accommodation quite cheaply. The cooking is adequate, though the rust of which the air is full tends to blow into the food. Every Thursday evening there is a performance of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* at the Mission Hall, done by one of the Dramatic Companies from the nearby towns which go round bringing drama to the villages. Behind what was the Elite Cinema is a croquet ground, and though the asphalt has worn in places I have had several games there, usually against the school-mistress, who is also one of the few female sextons in the country. I originally chose Sump Ash because my wife was unwilling to accompany me. However, once I had got into the habit of staying in the place she overcame her aversion and came too. On holiday she spends a lot of her time doing metal-work, and last time made a copper and thirty feet of tram-lines in sections. She is rather a noisy worker, and every time she swings her hammer she gives a shrill whistle, this making me go for many walks I should not otherwise take. On these excursions I amuse myself by counting things I see—for example, spokes from bicycle-wheels, ribs from umbrellas, etc.



"Have you noticed a veiled hostility to the Department on the part of the farmers?"

Once a year there is a fair at which the inhabitants make more or less merry. There are roundabouts, but as these are very old they go only one mile per hour and that in reverse, this also applying to the music. Then there are a panorama of Birmingham, hot-suet sellers, and a morbid psychologist. In the evening there is always a tambourine contest judged by the senior sanitary inspector, of which the village has four. Once in every ten years there is a gala fair at which palm-trees are stuck into the slag heaps and the council wear their chains of office and carry gloves.

One of the things which puzzles me about dancing is how strange women know what you are going to do. I, for example, have learnt some classy and complicated steps, but unless I have the instructress who taught me as my partner I see no way of communicating what is going to happen next. The theory is that you just push the woman and she works automatically, like a marionette; but in ordinary life few women will do this unless fed on opium. It is true that if I am merely going to advance, retreat or turn, pressure from my hand will guide all but the most mule-like partners; but if I am going to cross my legs, leap into the air and shout "Hi!" I have, it seems to me, first to explain this carefully by word of mouth.

B. Smith has a dancing-partner called René St. Jones, and every week they go to a subscription dance held by The Anti-Simony League. This dancing-partner is a wee wisp of a girl, but has double-jointed knees which make her admirable for the purpose. Her real job is Engine Drivers' Receptionist. It is her task to make arrival at the terminus something to look forward to, and hence to discourage loitering. As the express glides in, there is René with a bright smile and a wave of camaraderie. On Sundays she also receives the guards.

B. Smith originally took up dancing because a friend left him in charge of a dancing camel while he went away on holiday from the circus where he worked. It wrought on B. Smith to find an animal which could do something he couldn't. At first, while it was waltzing in the garden, he would sit elaborately unconcerned with a good book; but very soon he tried to join in, and the expression on its face made him go to the very best teacher he could find. It was a long time before he was up to its standard, but eventually he could hold his own with it, and even perform the Lancers with four zebras and the necessary number of yaks.

I have recently been embarrassed by a letter accusing me of taking a low view of my wife's virtues, and this seems to show careless and inaccurate reading on the part of the writer, unable to read between the lines being what he undoubtedly is. My wife, I have always maintained, is a woman of strong and striking personality, in many ways not unlike William the Conqueror, who has always been highly thought of since his own time. She is much respected, and nowhere more so than at our local prison, where she gives talks on "Self Help" and conducts classes in Single-stick and the use of Boomerangs. She is a versatile woman, and cooking and laundry are the least of the things she can do. She is also what is sometimes called "A good organizer," and has high standards for members of her household. While still at school she made an indelible impression on all who met her and was awarded a travelling scholarship at the age of sixteen by the unanimous vote of girls and mistresses alike, a cheque being paid to her every month, cashable at any bank in the Southern Hemisphere. Her appearance does not belie her character and, all in all, *sui generis* is what she is.

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER



"I STILL reckon we should 'ave been the 8.35 to the City!"



"Yes, we've certainly got to--



"hand it to him!"

The Deth of Smith Minor*

By Smith Minor

THE reason why I put the above star after the above title was because I wanted the reader to know as soon as he or she could that I am not really dead. You see, I think there are one or two who would mind, not much, but a bit. But Green thought the star wasn't necessary, saying that people with brains would know in a twink that I must still be alive for the following two reasons, i.e.:

(1) If I was really dead this article would have been written by somebody else, if it was written at all, and

(2) If it was written at all (me being dead), which why should it, it wouldn't be published in *Punch*, which does not go in for sad things but always tries to help this rather gloomy world by being cheerful.

"Thouh, of course," Green said, "those people who don't like your articles might think your deth was good news."

"I grant that," I said, "but one hopes not."

"And then there's another thing," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Do people with brains read your articles?" he said.

"I honestly think some do," I said.

"Why?" he said.

"There you've got me," I said.

Anyhow, if you have brains, which somehow I feel you must have, please remember that everyone else may not be so quick, and that that was why I put the star. People aren't all the same, or there wouldn't be any bottoms of classes, and I know one boy, I won't say his name, who is slower than a lame worm crossing a road, though mind you, if you're ever in trouble, he'll give you the shirt off anyone's back.

Well, now you know for certain that I am not dead, I will tell you about my deth.

I was walking along a lane wondering if a goat trod on a hedgehog which would mind most, not that this has anything to do with what I'm going to tell you, but it's what I was thinking, when a man came up to me, he was a warden, and said,

"Would you like to do a bit for your country?"

"Yes, I would," I said, "I haven't lately."

"That's fine," he said.

"No, I ought to of," I said.

"I didn't mean it was fine you

hadn't, but that you would," he said.

"I see," I said. "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be a cashaltry," he said.

"Oh," I said, and then, after thinking a bit, I said, "What sort of a cashaltry?"

"In a Firegarde Exercise," he said.

"Do you mean I've got to be burnt?" I said.

"Not really, if the firegarde know their job," he said.

"Supose they don't?" I said.

"Then they'll get told off," he said.

"That wouldn't help me," I said.

"Oh, I expect they will," he said.

"Yes, but are you certain?" I said, and then I said, "Of course one knows there's a war on, and I'm not saying my life is more important than anyone else's, in fact to be honest I think it's less, but, well, it will probably get more important later on if it isn't stopped now."

"What?" he said.

"And then there's another small thing," I said, "I've got an aunt who's not very strong in the head, I don't mean dotty, and I happen to know she would miss me, let alone my people."

He looked at me a bit hard, in a way some people have of making you seem as if you were in a zoo, and then he said, "We mustn't risk upsetting

your aunt, would you rather be a messenger instead?"

"Much rather," I said.

"But have you got a bicycle?" he said.

"No," I said, "but I can always borrow one from a boy who borrows my performing fleas."

"What?" he said.

"Fleas," I said. "It's an arrangement we have."

"I see," he said. "Well, that ought to be all right so long as you don't make a mistake and bring along the fleas instead of the bicycle."

"I don't see how I could do that," I said, "they're so different."

"Are you being funny?" he said.

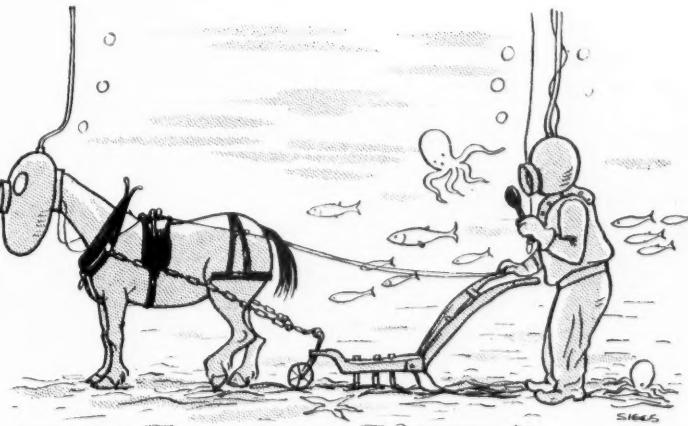
"It's possible," I said, "I often am without knowing."

He looked a bit queer, something seeming to go wrong with his face, but he got over it, and then he said, "I give up, you win, but now listen to me, and let me do the talking," and then he told me that the Firegarde Exercise was to be next day at the Blew Stag, the Blew Stag being an inn, and I was to be there with my bicycle, or rather the boy I was going to borrow it from's, at Seventeen-Oh-Oh†.

Well, next day at this Seventeen-Oh-Oh I went to the place where I had to go, and there was this warden with an envelope in his tin hat. I don't mean the envelope was in the tin hat,

* Don't worry, if you would. Author.

† In a war this is how you say 5 P.M.
Author.



"Yes, yes—Ministry of Agriculture AND Fisheries."

the warden was, that is, under it. Well, anyhow, as soon as he saw me he looked at his watch and said,

"Well done, you're puncturel."

"I ouht to be," I said, "it's the one thing I get good marks for."

"Do you know where Redways is?" he said.

"Is it behind the church?" I said.

"No," he said.

"Then I don't know where it is," I said.

"It's beyond the cross roads on the common," he said.

"Oh, you mean Redways," I said.

"I said Redways," he said.

"Yes, but I thort you said Medways," I said, "and I thort Medways was behind the church, but now I remember it isn't."

"Let's begin again," he said. "You remember where Redways is?"

"Yes, you've jest told me," I said.

"Well, go there with this envelope," he said, "and give it to the firegarde you will find standing by."

"By Medways?" I said.

"What? Yes," he said. "Now scoot. Quick as you can. Don't stop for anything. Don't talk to anybody. Hurry, rush, skedaddle!"

Well, then things started, and once they'd started there was no stoping them, in fact they went at such a pace, encluding me, that it wasn't untill afterwards that I sorted them out and realy found out what had hapened. I'm not sure even now that I've got it all strait, but as far as I can remember it went something like this, i.e.:

Seventeen-Oh-Two. I left the warden, jumped on my biscycle, that is, the other boy's, fell off, got on again, this time not jumping, and

peddled for all I was worth to the common.

Seventeen-Oh-Seven. I got to the common and gave the envelope to the firegarde who was standing by Redways, he then opening it and shouting, "Do you see that cottage over there?" and I saying, "Wich one?" and he saying, "Go to it and tell them an Iben has jest fallen in the yard of Redways."

Seventeen-Oh-Eiht. I got to the cottage I thort he meant and told an old woman with a stirop pump what I'd been told to tell her, and she told me to go to another cottage and tell them.

Seventeen-Oh-Ten. Got to the other cottage and told an old man with a pale of water, who told me to tell Mrs. Bottom, I then saying, "Where dose Mrs. Bottom live?" and he then saying, "At that cottage over there," and I then saying, "That's where I've jest come from," so we worked out that Mrs. Bottom knew.

Seventeen-Oh-Eleven-and-a-half. Got back to Medways with the old man with the pale of water, his name being Tripp, I finding this out afterwards, and saw that a bonfire was burning in the yard, it having been lit by a man with a white band round his sleave, he saying the Iben was suposed to be in the middle of it and Mrs. Bottom already being there, I don't mean in the middle of it.

Seventeen-Oh-Twelve. The stirop pump was uncoyled and Mrs. Bottom put the pump in Mr. Tripp's pale, wile the first firegarde, whose name turned out to be Skuddle, took the end of the hose, looked into it, got a squirt of water in his eye, said "Water off," and

then began crawling towards the fire like a beatle.

Seventeen-Oh-Twelve-and-a-quarter. The man with the white band said, "Are you forgetting the bomb is an Iben?" and they all lept up.

Seventeen-Oh-Twelve-and-a-half. They raced to a wall that juted out, Mrs. Bottom winning, and then began pumping behind that, the man with the white band then saying to me, "Did you hear it's an Iben?" and I saying to him, "Yes, thank you, I heard, as a matter of fact I had to tell the others it was one, so of corse I know," and then, remembering something, I saying again, "I thort there was going to be a cashalty?" and he saying, "There wasn't going to be one in this Incident, that was in another, but there may be yet." And I saying, "Oh."

Seventeen-Oh-Thirteen. There nearly was a cashalty, this being the man with the white band, becorse as Mrs. Bottom and Mr. Tripp and Mr. Skuddle were all behind the wall they couldn't see where they were aiming at, when, lo! a wooosh of water sudenly took off the man with the white band's hat. This ouht to of been funny, but somehow it wasn't, we were all too tence.

Seventeen-Oh-Fourteen. This was the time I got killed. After getting his hat back, the man with the white band looked at his watch and suddenly shouted "BANG! The bomb has exploded, and as you weren't behind cover, young man, you are dead! Dead as a doornail! Blown to Smithereens!"

"Oh," I said.

"I thort you knew it was an Iben?" he said.

"I did know it was an Iben," I said, "but how dose it help to know a bomb is an Iben if no one tells you what an Iben is?"

Well, anyway, I'm going to tell the gentel reader what it is in case he or she doesn't know. An Iben is an explosive bomb that may go off at any time in the first seven minits, wich therefore you want to keep out of the way of.

Next time I mean to. In fact I've desided to make it eiht minits.

○ ○

Frau Spratt's War Effort

"Lady refugee wishes to share Fat, or would be prepared to act as housekeeper to business lady or couple."

Advt. in Suburban Paper.

○ ○

"Lads born in the first half of 1824 will registered on Saturday, August 15."

South Wales Argus.

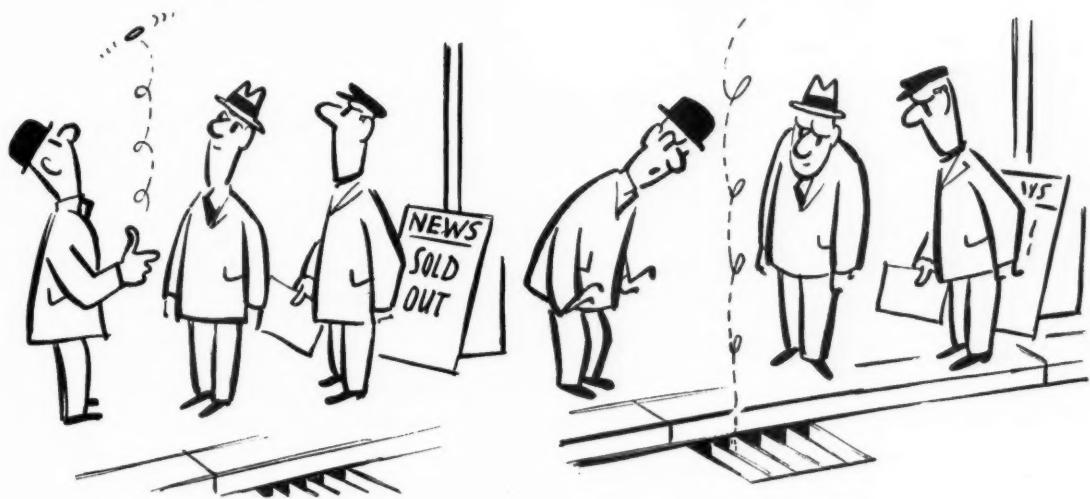
We doubt it.



"Any complaints from this table this morning?"

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER



DAVID LANGDON



"After living on the fortieth floor I don't suppose you'll mind two flights of stairs."

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER





"This is Terry's latest work. He does something to it every time he's home on leave."

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER

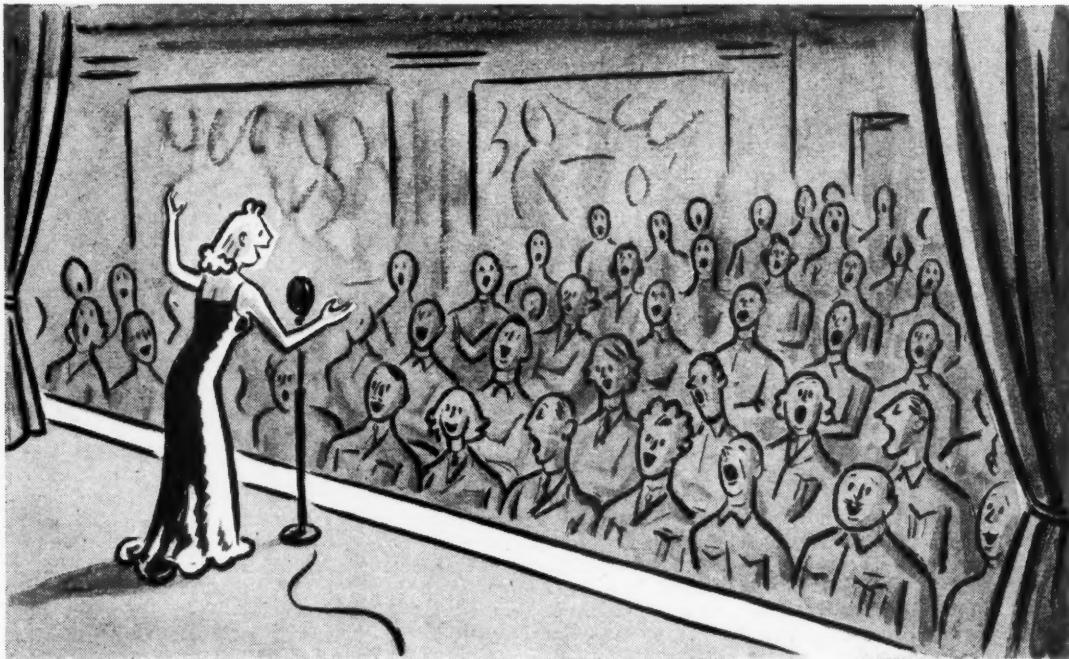


"Yes, I know, old man, but don't forget it's taken nearly four years of total war to get it to look like this."



"Oh, no, ma'am—we've got escalators in the Empire State."

"Well, Sir, it was like this—



the early turns ENCOURAGED us—



to join in."

The Surprise

"No one," said Cousin Florence, "could be less mechanically-minded than I am."

She said it very sadly, but one felt, although sympathetically, that it was hardly possible to reply with equal melancholy—partly because Cousin Florence must have got accustomed to this defect in the course of about sixty-odd years, and partly because Cousin Florence always says everything in a very sad voice. It is not always easy to know whether condolences are called for or not.

"We can't all do everything," one answered, seeking to combine encouragement with understanding.

"But in this war," said Cousin Florence, "we are all learning to deal with the most extraordinary things for which we have neither training nor aptitude."

The thought of Cousin Florence dealing with the most extraordinary things for which she had neither training nor aptitude, particularly if these should be unexploded bombs, incendiaries or parachutists, filled one with a certain apprehension.

"Are you thinking of anything in particular, Cousin Florence?"

"Yes," said Cousin Florence simply.

"Do tell me what it is. What have you been doing?"

Cousin Florence said she would cut a long story short—a thing that she has never been known to do in her life—and proceeded to explain that her portable wireless had suddenly failed. (One omits the parts about whether it happened at six-forty-five or at five minutes to seven, and the bit—sad again—concerning Cousin Florence's

bitter disappointment and the difference it always makes to her to hear *anything* at all at that hour in the morning, and also the rather doubtful issue as to whether what faded away was the News in Norwegian or a little bit of Handel.)

"I thought of the whole day stretching before me, and the newspaper not arriving until four o'clock unless poor little Jock insisted on a walk to fetch it, and anything happening to the war without my knowing it, and, my dear, I suddenly felt that I had to have that wireless in working order."

"Was there any way of sending for a man?" one asked, knowing Cousin Florence's methods.

"Unhappily no, dear. If there had been it would all have been simple. But as it was, I decided to try to do something myself, distinctly remembering that there was a spare battery in the boot-cupboard. And sure enough, there it was. A large green box, marked with letters."

"Letters, Cousin Florence?"

"I can't remember exactly what they were, but L and T certainly occurred, because I know I thought of Television at once. But the main thing was that the box was marked *Battery* in the most unmistakable way."

"Well, that made it easier."

"It was a pointer," said Cousin Florence thoughtfully.

"I then saw that the next step was to open up the whole of the back of the wireless. It reminded me so much of some great surgeon performing an operation for appendicitis."

There were many answers to this

strange freak of memory, but it seemed best only to express a hope that the screws had come away easily. Cousin Florence replied, rather evasively, that she thought curved nail-scissors were never quite as useful as ordinary straight ones, that the war had ruined the blades of pocket-knives, and that even kitchen-knives weren't what they used to be.

In the end the screws on the back of the portable seemed to have yielded to the point of something called by Cousin Florence "my little missionary dagger." (See White Elephant Sale in Aid of Missions to the Heathen, held in September 1904.)

"After all that," continued Cousin Florence, "I was left with all these extraordinary little bulbs and wires and the old battery, in another green box. Evidently the thing to do was to take out the old box—or battery, whichever it was—and put in the new one. And I will frankly own that I was terrified of touching anything for fear of getting an electric shock. I had the presence of mind to put on a thick pair of gloves, but I had to take them off again almost immediately to handle the little wires."

"Honestly, Cousin Florence, I think it was very brave of you."

Cousin Florence said modestly that the things this war had taught one were very extraordinary indeed, and that she had taken, on the whole, less time than she would have thought possible—a bare twenty minutes—to decide what to do about the little wires, and then to do it.

The old battery had come away with the minimum of assistance from Cousin Florence's little missionary dagger, and the new one had been put in its place.

Another bare twenty minutes had seen yet another decision taken, and translated into action, concerning the little wires.

"And then," said Cousin Florence, "I had one of the greatest shocks I have ever experienced."

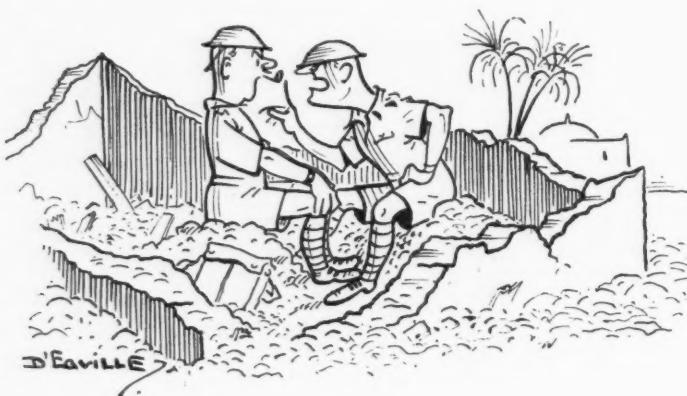
"Oh, dear, oh, dear. Hadn't you got your gloves?"

"I don't mean that kind of shock," Cousin Florence said. "I mean that the wireless worked." E. M. D.

• •

"Mr. E. F. —— will paint few portraits from life or photograph at 50 guineas."
Advt. in "The Times."

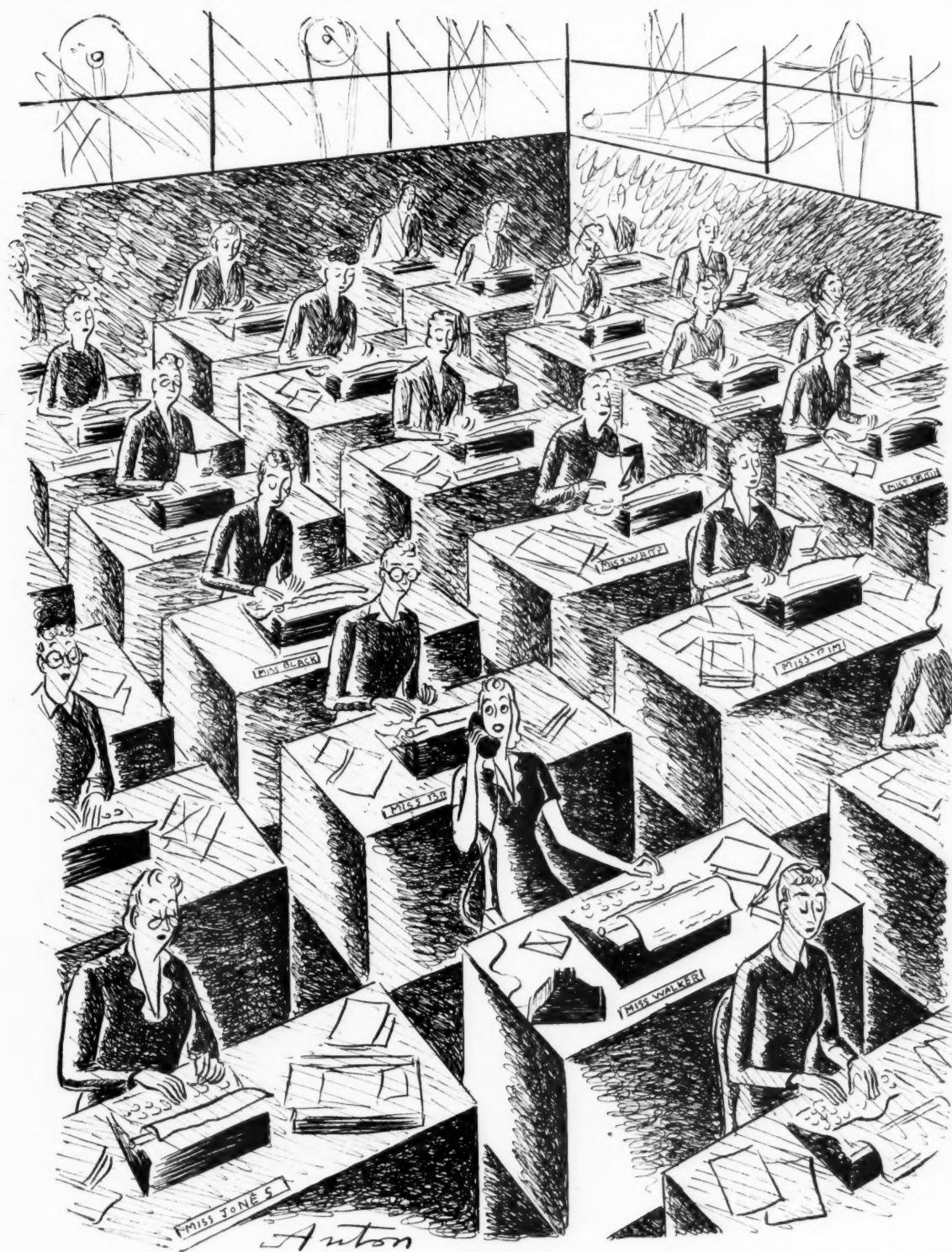
There seems nothing more to be said.



"I tell you, Silverburn, BETWEEN THESE FOUR WALLS . . .!"

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER



"Yes, this is Miss Walker's office."

Shop Window

OURS is not a very distinguished Station. The C.O. is only a Wing-Commander, though I don't want to appear snobbish about that; after all, I'm only a corporal-instructor myself, and I realize that everybody has to start in a small way.

But the thing about a not-very-distinguished Station is the way it loses its head when big noises come to inspect it. I always feel a little sad when I see the Station Warrant Officer, with white drawn face and harassed eyes, running his finger along the ledge of the Guard house window, or giving a fire-extinguisher a nervous flick with his handkerchief as he passes it by. He knows too well that big noises are apt to attach a lot of importance to dusty window-ledges and improperly-polished fire-extinguishers; promising careers have been wrecked by less. I sometimes wonder whether there's anything wrong with me; somehow I never feel quite as frightened as the Station Warrant Officer looks on these occasions. But then of course I am not the Station Warrant Officer. Another thing is that I have an Air-Commodore for a brother, and one can't really have proper ideas about Air-Commodores who borrow one's toothpaste and pyjamas at the week-end and openly attribute their status to a series of happy accidents.

All the same, when the airman with ill-fitting teeth came round the classrooms with the Instructors' Detail Book the other day demanding my signature to an announcement that a High Officer would inspect the Station that afternoon, I did sigh as I signed my name. Instructors, said the book, would keep their head-dresses on in readiness to salute, and would ensure that their classes were clean and tidy and sitting upright in their chairs; the men were to wear ceremonial belts, and have their boots laced up to the top hole. So I sighed as I signed my name.

I sent my class to its billets for its ceremonial belts, and made it sit upright in its chairs when it got back. I examined its faces and necks, its collars and boots. I dressed off all the desks from the right, and covered them off from front to rear. I appealed to my pupils to endeavour, when the visitor arrived, to assume an expression of intelligent absorption for as long as he was in the room; it would only be for a few minutes, after which they could revert to their normal attitude of tolerant detachment. Second-class Aircraftman Bigby, a nervous boy with big ears, asked if he should salute, and whether he should address the High Officer or me if he were asked a question. Would he be put in close arrest, he asked, for having a small inkstain on his left breast-pocket?

I tried to calm him, but I could see that he was one of several who were going to find the experience a trying one. I assured them that I could be relied upon to do all that was required in the way of a ceremonious welcome, and that if they took their cue from my attitude of smart and respectful subservience they need have nothing to fear.

I sympathized with their misgivings. An N.C.O. has that little something which the aircraftman hasn't got. He has at least spoken to officers before, and does not feel that sense of shame at being in the same room with them—shame, that is, at not being able to disappear silently through the floorboards.

From past experience of inspections by High Officers, I knew that throughout the entire Station cold fear gripped the hearts of all. The C.O. in his office, the S.P. on the gate (God made them high or lowly, and ordered their estate) were, each in his separate way, making frantic preparations to impress. The C.O. would do this, I imagined, by laying out the *Manual of Air Force Law* in a prominent place on his desk; the S.P. by seizing a set of newly-scrubbed webbing from a handy defaulter.

I felt sorry for whatever airmen were having First Aid on that particular day. On the last occasion of this kind Sergeant Foot kept two men in splints for three and a half hours, conscious that his talk on fractures (with practical demonstration) was the most impressive thing in his syllabus, mainly because it was fairly brief and could be remembered without reference to notes. It was a certain winner, especially backed up by a few tricky words like *Hæmorrhage* and *Occiput* written on the blackboard. Sergeant Foot, I remembered, had been rather disheartened that day; he gave his talk on fractures eight times, rushing back to the beginning every time he heard footsteps outside the door. Then the visitor never came. Somebody had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and confused him with a Group Captain who had landed for re-fuelling the day before.

On the present occasion I proposed to give my talk on Security, and planned to be discovered giving a practical demonstration of how to sabotage a Service motor-cycle. For this purpose, and to show that our Station didn't do things half-heartedly, I had a motor-cycle brought in from



"Hello! I see we've had mutton to-day for dinner."

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER

the motor transport yard, and a bucket of sand from the rifle range. When the High Officer appeared he would see the word SABOTAGE on the board (its etymology picturesquely illustrated by a drawing of a French clog being thrown into a piece of machinery) and an airman with a handful of sand preparing to introduce it into the motor-cycle's tank. I had already selected an airman of poise and self-possession to undertake this difficult and probably sustained rôle.

After I had called the class to attention and delivered a smashing salute I should say to the High Officer: "Have I your permission to carry on, sir?" and he would reply (not knowing any other answer), "Carry on, Corporal." I should then tell the class to take their seats, and address them with the words which must fall so often upon the ears of highly-ranked inspecting officers: "Now, let us just run over those points again. . . ."

It was unfortunate that Warrant Officer Billings, who had decided on the happy plan of being out of camp until the inspection was over, arrived before the High Officer, demanding with some verbal embroidery that his motor-cycle should be returned to him. So I was forced to rearrange the demonstration at the last moment with a class-room desk substituted for the motor-cycle. We chalked MOTOR-CYCLE on the side so that the thing should be quite clear.

We were getting through our third rehearsal, and the atmosphere of general strain had manifested itself in a long giggling fit from Second-class Aircraftman Bigby, when the unmistakable murmur of High Officers' voices was heard outside the window.

Sending the saboteurs quickly back to their places, I settled my hat, fixed my tie, rubbed each boot rapidly against the other calf, pulled down my jacket, aligned my belt-buckle dead centre, threw a keen glance round the room, limbered my arm for the salute, and waited.

The C.O. came in first. We took no notice of him. Then round the door came the braided peak, the heavily-laden shoulder-straps of a High Officer.

"Att—en—shun!" I bawled, and they sprang up like one man, never knocking over a single chair.

"Have I your permission to carry on, sir?"

My salute really was smashing. Head up, eyes looking their own height and to the front, forearm as square as Euclid could have made it.

A pause. Then:

"Cut it out, Johnny. Mother's in the car. We're all going out to tea."

"Well!" I said—"of all the dirty tricks!"

I remember vaguely hearing a crash as the C.O. stood back to let us pass. They told me afterwards that Second-class Aircraftman Bigby had fainted.

○ ○

Bancor

IHAVE always been interested, deeply interested, in currency. As a small boy I had an obsession for the stuff. While my school-mates busied themselves normally with model yachts, Freudian psychology and the registration numbers of motor-cars I was leading an unhealthy hot-house existence in the pursuit of currency. I used to stand for days at a stretch in the shadow of the buildings opposite the Royal Mint—watching. And every detail of what I saw was committed to memory. I went to bed at night, as I do now, with the words "In twelve hours they will be open again" on my lips. Even to-day I feel a profound nausea at the approach of a bank holiday—a day of lost opportunities, of frustration and gloom.

Manhood brought with it no change of interest or inclination. Always and insistently I felt the call of currency. The odd thing is that I have never really wanted it for its own sake; only for what I can buy with it.

The war provided an opportunity for escape. I plunged eagerly into astrology, but even the pure and detached sciences, I discovered, are inextricably bound up with currency considerations. Then with the publication of the White Paper on post-war currency stabilization I threw discretion to the winds, removed the ineffective shackles and allowed myself to drink deeply of the flood of fiscal reforms.

Reader, do you too feel the urge to share your happiest moments with your fellows? With my head humming with statistical abstracts I hungered for companionship. I looked for it diligently—but I found only apathy. A man studying an ironmonger's window turned his head slowly away from me at the first mention of "bancor." A dignitary of the church dismissed it with the comment "Some other time, perhaps: some other time." A tobacconist's assistant had not even heard of it.

The bank manager was my last hope. Encircled by the bank's marbled grandeur I felt better. I was in the presence of currency. For a time I busied myself with a sheaf of paying-in

slips. Then with the reason for my visit apparently established I asked to see the manager.

Mr. Houndslow's brows cleared as soon as I mentioned the Keynes Plan. We have had our little differences in the past but our mutual interest in currency keeps us together.

He was well-informed, and I listened attentively to his facile analysis. Soon terms such as equi-marginal credit-worthiness, self-equilibrium and multilateral mercantile interests began to bubble forth, and Mr. Houndslow became so excited that he offered me a cigarette. One of his remarks was so startling that I gave it the whole of my attention and allowed the rest of the discourse to by-pass my intellect.

When he had done I said: "Did I hear you say that the plan is an attempt to apply the ordinary domestic banking principle to the wider international field?"

"Yes," he said, "the granting of credits to debtor nations in the same way that we grant overdrafts to customers who are temporarily disabled, as it were, financially."

"And does that mean . . . ?" I began hopefully.

"No," said Mr. Houndslow, "definitely not."

○ ○

The Charms of Music

SERGEANT GRENADE entered the barrack hut. "Anyone here know anything about music?" he roared.

Four self-conscious recruits shuffled forward. They had been in the Army long enough to know that men who could play musical instruments often got a chance to cut it a bit fat. They hadn't been in the Army long enough to know that it's safer never to volunteer for anything because there's bound to be a catch in it.

There was. A very ancient and well-known catch. Eyeing them Sergeant Grenade said: "Good enough! Go and shift the piano from the recreation-room to the Memorial Hall!"

Sycophantic and relieved laughter ensued and three of the victims moved resignedly to the door. The fourth, however, a pale-faced lad, said: "Excuse me, sergeant. This piano? Do you intend us to play it?"

Sergeant Grenade explained that his intentions were his own, and that their communication to the outside world was a matter for him to decide, without prompting from any scrimshanking, knock-kneed, pasty-faced . . .

"Because," continued the recruit

imperturbably, "the piano is not my instrument."

"I'm not asking you to play it; I'm telling you to shift it."

"But that, sergeant, would not require a knowledge of music, which, you may remember, you originally implied was essential."

Grenade was momentarily silent, either overwhelmed by the other's words or unable to select his own.

"Musical knowledge, sergeant, being, therefore, stipulated, it obviously follows that knowledge of the particular instrument involved is also a *sine qua non*."

"Fall out anyone who can play the sneyquaynon!" volunteered a recruit at the back, skilfully unidentifiable.

"Now look here, my lad, you stop arguing and go and shift that piano . . ."

"But the piano not being my instrument, I should probably damage it." It seemed more of a threat than a supposition and made Grenade pause.

"What is your — instrument then?" he asked with a hopeful gleam.

"Bells," said the pale-faced recruit.

"Bells! Of all the . . . What bells?"

The whole hut had suggestions. They poured in. "Dinner-bells!" "Alarm - bells!" "Marriage - bells!" "Diving-bells!" A recruit with a scientific turn of mind contributed "Decibels"; a horticulturally inclined recruit, "Canterbury-bells"; and a recruit with religious knowledge, "Jezebels"! The unidentifiable recruit then said, "Bells of Hell"! Three or four others promptly chorussed "Ting-a-ling"! and a humorous recruit

hopefully inquired "Hi-de-hi"? The answer lifted the roof. The thing was quite out of hand.

"SILENCE!" roared Sergeant Grenade. "See what you've done!" he said, almost reproachfully.

"I only said I had a knowledge of music, specializing in bells. You asked me, sergeant. I'm a campanologist."

There was a hushed silence.

"What in 'ell's that?"

"Knows all about campanulas," suggested the horticultural recruit.

There was another hushed silence.

Sergeant-major Magazine here entered the hut suddenly. "What goes on?" he asked.

"This man says he's a campanologist."

Magazine was equal to it. "He's only saying that to get off C. of E. parade."

"No, sir, it means I ring bells."

"And run away before anyone answers, I suppose?" Sergeant-major Magazine was in humorous vein.

"No, sir. Church bells."

"What, a blooming sextant?" asked Grenade, as Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog put his head in at the door. C.S.M. Magazine at once effected the formal introductions. "Party-SHUN!" With a barrage of loud reports the recruits snapped to attention.

Swordfrog entered. "Ah, Grenade! You looking after fatigues?" He handed over a slip of paper. "Here's a small job wants doing up at the Mess. Get a suitable man detailed."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in the

Sergeant-major, with the air of an experienced nurse sharing a joke about a half-witted child with a colleague, "here's a man who says he's a campanologist."

"Quite," said Swordfrog vaguely.

"Campanologist," said the pale-faced recruit, feeling that here was a kindred soul. "Expert bell-ringer, sir. Change-ringing. Doubles, Triples, Caters. Grandsire, Plain bob, Stedman . . ."

"Oh, I see," said Swordfrog. "I—er—congratulate you. Useful man to have." He turned to the door, keeping his face as steady as possible. "Well, carillon, Sergeant-major!" He then left hastily.

Magazine scratched his head. "Never heard him talk in that pansy way before," he said to Grenade, and with a last withering look at the pale-faced recruit he also left.

Sergeant Grenade came into action again. "Get busy now with that piano! No, not you!" He detailed another man in place of the pale-faced recruit. "You'll only go and plain-bob the thing to blazes. You get back with the others."

The four men went. Grenade looked at the paper in his hand. Then he grinned. "Fall out anyone who knows anything about bells!" he roared.

Amid subdued laughter the pale-faced recruit again stepped forward.

"I do, sergeant!"

"Well, report to the officers' mess and mend the ante-room electric bell . . . And double up, you campain-theneckologist!"

A. A.



"When you all go off in the morning see that you latch the front door."

The Prize-Winning Poem?

(A prize of £60 is offered in Japan for a poem upon the theme, *Down with America and Britain*.)

A PERKY little blackbird in a may-tree,
Perched at the top of the tree,
Sang "Death to the workers in the
garden
And leave the cherries for me."

But a hawk came hungry and sudden
And took that singer away;
And he sings no more now in the
garden,
Sings no more in the may.

Funny little singer of the islands,
Singing the long day through
"Down with America and Britain,"
What will happen to you?

ANON.

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER



"Midsummer Night or no Midsummer Night, I shall 'ave to report it."

Open Day

ONCE a year at St. Morbid's we have what is called an Open Day when parents and friends are invited to see the school at work. It is a day which most of us would like to see removed from the calendar. There was a time when the schoolmaster was a respected member of society. That was before the size of his salary had become common knowledge and before the popular Press had developed the habit of giving away encyclopaedias to registered readers.

All educational progress seems to be at the expense of the schoolmaster's prestige. Formal lessons are now regarded as obsolete. The scholar enjoys unlimited freedom to express himself, while the master has become merely a librarian's assistant and a dash of local colour.

On Open Day one feels that the parents are trying to discover just how far the development of their offspring is being hindered by the masters of St. Morbid's. It is a nerve-racking ordeal for everyone but Pringle-Watt. His long experience, his iron discipline and his cruel tongue have granted him a long immunity from the tyranny of parents. During the weeks that precede the fatal day Pringle-Watt watches our careful preparations with undisguised mirth. While we check our mark-lists, repair our gowns and compose what we hope will be our fool-proof lessons he mocks us in our misery with such comments as:

"I wonder if it will be Sheepshank *père* or Sheepshank *mère* this time, eh, Sopwhittle." (An oblique reference to an unfortunate incident of a year or two ago when Mrs. Sheepshank fainted into my arms at the school sports.)

"You'll not forget to congratulate old Potter on his knighthood, gentlemen, will you?"

"Rather late in the day to start marking last term's essays, isn't it, Charteris?"

It was not until Open Day 1943 had almost run its course that we learned that Pringle-Watt had fallen from grace rather heavily. My share of the inquisition had been particularly gruelling—four sets of parents had found errors in my mark-sheets, several had found reason to criticize my methods of maintaining discipline, and one had expressed herself "appalled" by my handling of verbs conjugated with *être*—so that I was feeling too depressed to join my colleagues for the customary symposium at the "Medlip Arms." I heard the story from

Homer during prayers next morning, and he must take the blame for any inaccuracies it may contain.

Pringle-Watt, it appears, was racing* through *The Times* crossword puzzle, during the morning break, when he was interrupted by a man whom everyone recognized instantly as the father of young Stothert. There was no mistaking the puffy face and the tousled red hair. Mr. Stothert was angry.

"I believe you are responsible for my son's training in English," he said.

"That is so," said Pringle-Watt.

"Then be good enough to explain how it is that he is awarded no marks for a perfectly good essay on Double Summer Time."

Pringle-Watt filled in another word of the puzzle before answering.

"Because," he said, "it was just about the worst piece of journalese sob-stuff I have ever had the misfortune to read."

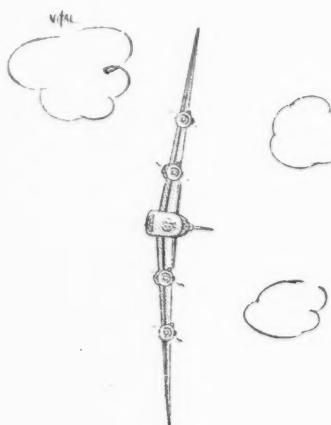
Stothert seemed to explode.

"I will have you removed for this," he said. "It may interest you to know that I wrote that essay myself."

The rest of the day was a nightmare for Pringle-Watt. The Head ordered him to produce his credentials of graduation for Stothert's inspection. He was harassed and heckled throughout his lessons by an indignant band of parents under Stothert's direction. Finally his unconditional apology was demanded.

It was late in the afternoon, when

*A really gifted solver.



"I always sleep on my side, Skipper,
—like this."

Pringle-Watt was crossing the quadrangle to the gymnasium-block, that the climax of the sordid affair was reached. P.-W. was beside himself with rage. He was striding along with his gaze fixed on the cobblestones when a slight noise, a timid cough, made him look up. He stopped. Not twenty yards away under the chestnuts sat young Stothert, and he was *smoking!* There was no mistaking that inelegant form. Pringle-Watt saw red. Breathing a word of thanks to his "Rubroid" soles and heels he moved up behind his quarry. And then, with a force not recommended in the best medical circles, he struck savagely in the region of the right ear.

Pringle-Watt's fate is still in the balance. He is still at St. Morbid's, but Mr. Stothert is still in hospital.

○ ○

Outspoken Barber

APITY your hair going white at the sides and staying black on top. Looks so funny," said the barber.

"Getting a bit thin on top too, I'm afraid," I said.

"Thin?" he said. "Some people would call it bald."

"My mother-in-law . . ." I started, purposing to tell him how she lost all her hair in the great pestilence at Bar El Spinoza and how a native doctor restored it by a compound of tar, rose-petals, molasses and crushed lentils.

"Don't talk to me about mothers-in-law," he said. "I've had mine in the house since she was blitzed out."

"Good weather this for rabbit-shooting," I said, meaning to tell him of the high pheasant I fetched down over Beagle Woods last Christmas.

"Shooting bores me," he answered, "and when I say bores, I mean bores."

"You're very outspoken," I said.

"That," he answered, "is as it may be. But I know my job. I can cut hair."

"You can," I agreed.

"For them as has any hair to cut," he said.

○ ○

Patriotic Poem

COME, gracious Muse, inspire thy servant. Ah! methinks I am at last inspired.

(This ode conforms precisely with the standards of economy required.)

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER





"I've been drafted to combined operations, Sir—am I at the right place?"

Recorded Broadcast

THEY read my script. They frowned. Too literary, they said. Could you do it again? Make it *snappy*. More staccato. Like you talk. So I wrote it again. All full stops and no sentences this time.

They read the re-draft. Grand, they said. That's capital. The very thing. So they cut. Two thousand words. A thousand. Five hundred. We levelled out at four hundred.

They led me to the microphone. They called it the mike.

It plays curious tricks, they said. It exposes insincerity—anything not quite *genuine*.

I smiled—a hundred per cent. genuine smile. Nothing insincere about me.

They left me alone with it. It was on the table. I was on a chair. The green light lit. I read. It did the rest—it and science. Science or magic. One or the other.

I finished.

They said, Would you like to hear the record?

What record? I wondered. I said, Yes, please.

It was the record of a chap talking. It made me laugh. Not what he said, but the way he said it. His voice, I mean. A real B.B.C. voice. I'd never heard one before. So round. So elegant. Such polish.

Frightful ass. He needed a kick in the pants.

How do you like yourself? they asked. That's not my voice, I said.

They laughed.

It was. Or rather, it was my voice plus the mike plus science. Science or magic. One or the other.

They shook their heads and looked sad. I wonder, they said. We may not use it. It's not quite the Empire's cup of tea, they said, that voice.

I don't blame the Empire for that.

• • •

When Does Leave Begin?

SOME people say you first feel you are on leave when with a sigh you take your seat in the train at last; but this is one thing those on leave seldom do. I must rule that one out.

I have heard that it starts when you begin telling other passengers the names of the stations. I find you are not now allowed to. Someone leans

forward to say: "Are you aware, sir, that the names of the stations are painted out on purpose? And may I ask why you have to stick your neck out and bray them in front of everyone, which can only get us bombed in our beds when you have gone back to the safety of barracks?"

Others say it begins at the moment of alighting at the dear old wayside station, where the aged ticket-collector, halting on his way to the wicket-gate, with a corrugated and astonished forehead, will suddenly double forward in unbearable delight, both hands extended. The ticket-collector is now a woman. She does not look at you, or at your ticket. She has time to look at one ticket only—the first one. Others collect in her hand like tips while she is still trying to make out what is printed on the first, for it looks to her exactly as if it were the name of the very station she is standing at!

Can leave be said to begin when you go into the local and call for the "usual"? I fear not. The place has changed hands and the "usual" is served only to rich people who have gone to live there since the war.

This fact has persuaded many, like myself, to live somewhere else, where we also can claim gate-crasher rights; but there is a snag to this too.

"I am glad you arrived to-night, darling," you are told. "Mrs. Wellmeadow is coming to-morrow to inspect the cottage."

This takes you by surprise.

"You're not going to let the place again?"

"You know quite well, darling, Mrs. Wellmeadow let it to us."

"Then why does she want to inspect it?"

"To see if we are keeping it properly."

You continue to stare. It still does not register.

"It's quite usual, darling, in wartime. And why not? Surely you have generals who come round to inspect your barracks? Mrs. Wellmeadow puts it very nicely. She says, May she come to tea. But what she wants is to see if we are watering the plants and polishing the furniture; the moment I am out of the room she will be running her finger along the mantelpiece, or lifting the fender. So I want you to be there while I get tea. Otherwise she would follow me out to count the china. Actually, it only means getting up at six one morning, which can be no hardship to you. We won't have a fire till she has been because it makes dust, and we needn't have lunch till she has been and then we will call it supper. I do want to put on a really good show. Otherwise we shall be out in a week. So if you wouldn't mind just having a really good go at the steps, while I clean the silver . . . And by the way, if she sees one dead flower in the garden she will stop instinctively to pick it."

"And present it to us in the hall?"

"Well, in a nice way, yes. You could hardly expect her to put it in her handbag."

Immediately you wonder how she will like the blankets arranged. Should the folded edges be towards her? The tin hat on top, the mess-tin exposed, the spare boots soles uppermost? Brooms and buckets in a criss-cross pattern on the floor?

When does leave begin?

I only know it feels as if it were just beginning the night before you go back.





"He says he's doing a TONE-Picture."

Tongaone



John, the dark one, was by far the better specimen—

We had two brothers Smith in our unit:



and so we sent Joe, the fair one, to a—



rectifying course and a—



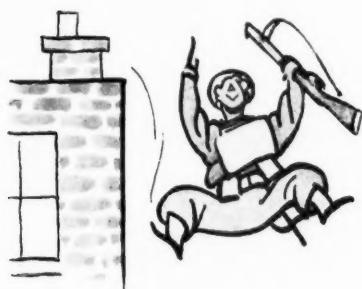
psycho-physical course and a—



building-up school and also a—



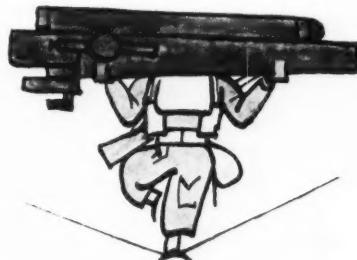
self-development depot and then a—



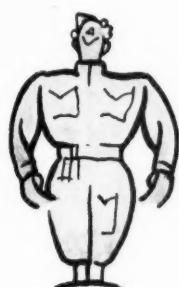
character-building establishment and after that a—



toughening area and finally a—



case-hardening camp:



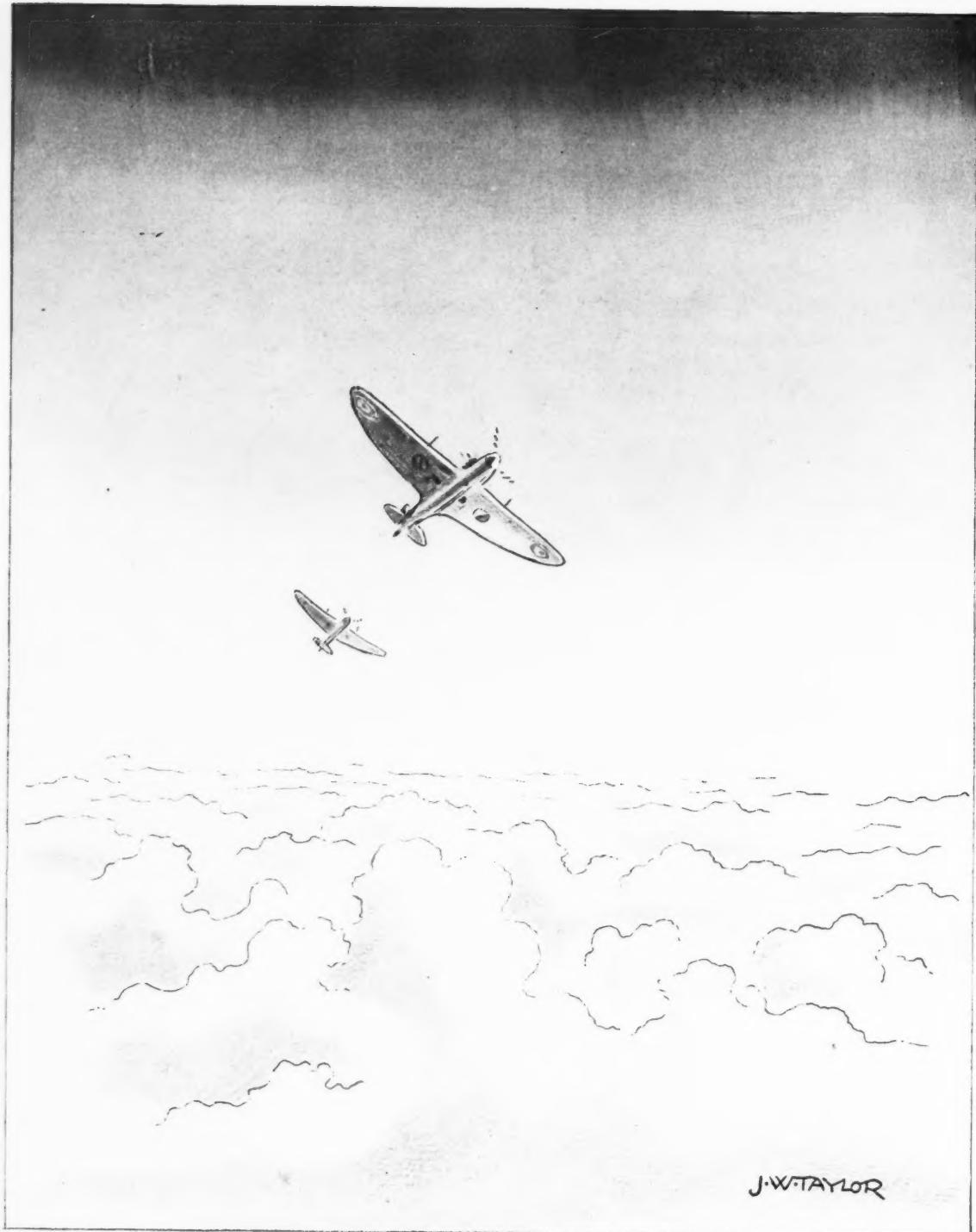
So now we have two brothers Smith in our unit—Joe, the fair one, is by far the better specimen—



and so we're sending John, the dark one, to a—



*rectifying course and a . . . etc.
(see above).*



"Now perhaps you can understand why we Mancunians are so proud of our weather."

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-Energy in a can



IT IS NATURAL enough that the bulk of Heinz famous foods should now appear in wardrooms and mess-decks or at dusk beneath the shadow of a tank.

But the home larders still have their share—good rich foods made from the finest ingredients obtainable can still be yours.

For none of the old skill is lost in preserving nourishment and delicious flavour, and with a can or two of Heinz oven-baked Beans or perfect Soups in the house you can always put up a memorable meal for the war-workers of the family. Like this for example:

HEINZ
57 Varieties
HEINZ
VEGETABLE PIE

Put a layer of Heinz oven-baked Beans in a deep pie-dish. Add a large breakfastcupful finely diced mixed raw vegetables (seasoned) and a further layer of beans. Rinse the can with enough water to moisten the ingredients. Cover with potato pastry, brush with reconstituted dried egg and bake for 35-40 minutes in a moderate oven till cooked.

SOUPS BAKED BEANS SALAD CREAM MAYONNAISE
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON



Says Bill, "This 'ere
old tub 'as taken
Risks galore to
save your bacon"

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES the biscuit

There's no harder life than the Merchant Seaman's; luckily ship's biscuits aren't so hard as they were! Huge supplies of Weston Biscuits go aboard—and they are good biscuits.

All Weston Biscuits are good. The finest ingredients obtainable—the most modern methods of production—ensure it, always.

Weston Biscuits mean quality for your points and your pence—and quality is to-day more than ever the best policy when buying food.

WESTON
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MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE



The Colonial Architects...

The houses of the 18th century, in the older States of North America, will always awaken admiration for their builders. These men, usually anonymous, successfully adapted Europe's suavest style to a wild setting. Upon the border of the unknown, they asserted the virtues of design and scholarship, and to the pioneer Architects of the Colonial style, we pay this tribute . . . we who also have long been pioneers.

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Makers of insulation boards, wall boards and acoustic tiles
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The Diving Bell

used in the construction of the Thames Tunnel

In these days of high speed transport, it is fascinating to delve into the past and trace the origin of some of the feats of engineering which we now accept as part of everyday life. About the year 1814, Isambard Brunel happened to observe in the dockyard at Chatham the little passages bored in timber by a marine insect, and took from it a hint as to the construction of tunnels. In course of time the idea matured and in 1842 a company was formed, and Brunel set to work on the great tunnel with his celebrated "shield," modelled on the "teredo" or marine worm. Though there were many mishaps, on the 25th March, 1843, the tunnel was opened.

Today, Road Transport uses every possible source to facilitate direct transport from factory to consumer.

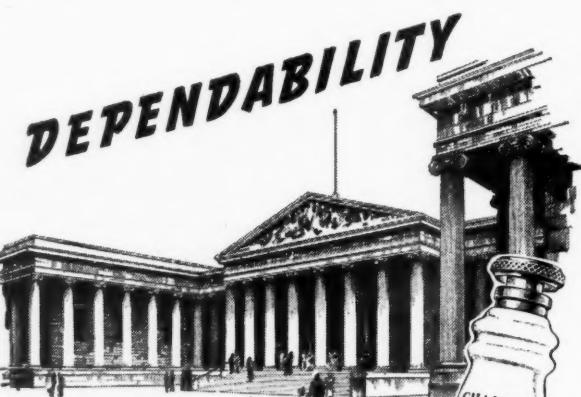
TRANSPORT SERVICES LTD., 116, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2

*Good as it was...
it will be
better*



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AND SAVE PETROL

National needs must be our first consideration, so please be indulgent if you find difficulty over supplies.



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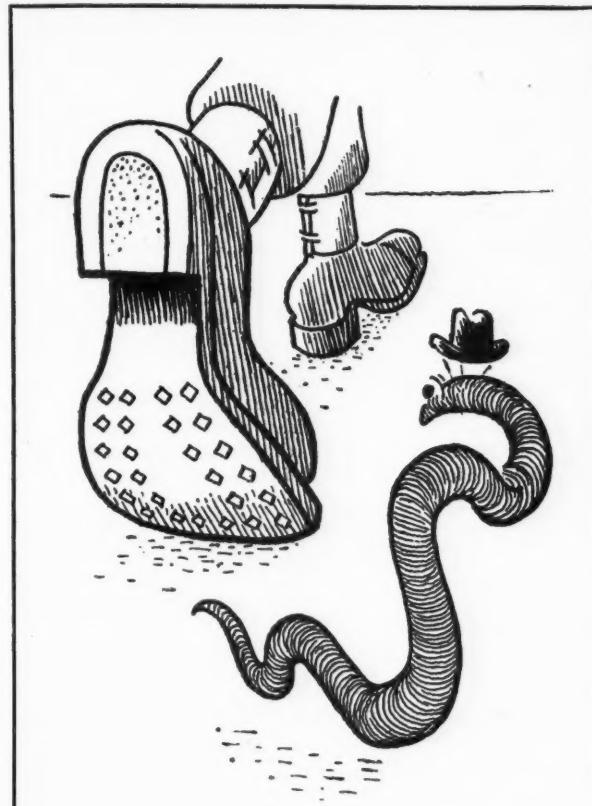
CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

DRIVERS OF ALL RUBBER-TYRED VEHICLES...

**TREASURE
THOSE
TYRES!**



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"I don't like Army boots," says William the Worm, "and I'm always dodging them now we've got soldiers in the Club House. But, boots or not, I'm still proud of our drive—it's a marvel the way it stands up. 'Colas,' I heard the Secretary say the other day, 'Colas made a real job of it.'"

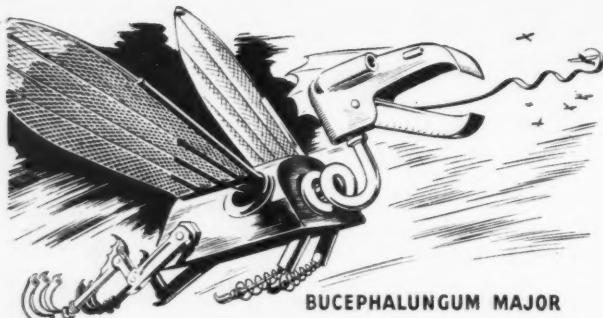
When Peace returns to the Gardens and Country Clubs of the world there will be Colas products again to make drives, sweeps and paths trim and durable.



By Appointment to



H.M. King George VI



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A creature of the Tungum Age

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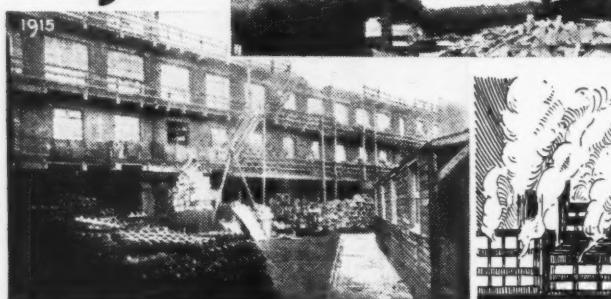
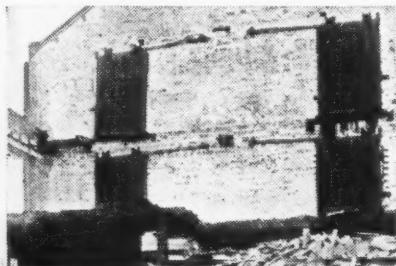


Resists Corrosion

Tungum Alloy is described in Technical Data Sheets under headings: Tubing; Rod and Bar; Sheet and Strip; Wire, Cables, Gauzes and Springs; Castings, Pressing, etc. Write for any in which you are interested—they are available free on request.

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In the first world war, 1914—1918, bombs dropped from a Zeppelin started a fire which destroyed part of the building seen above. That portion of the building seen standing was saved by the Mather & Platt armoured Doors which formed a fire-guard in the party wall seen in the upper photograph.

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PARK WORKS - MANCHESTER, 10**

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FERRANTI Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

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London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

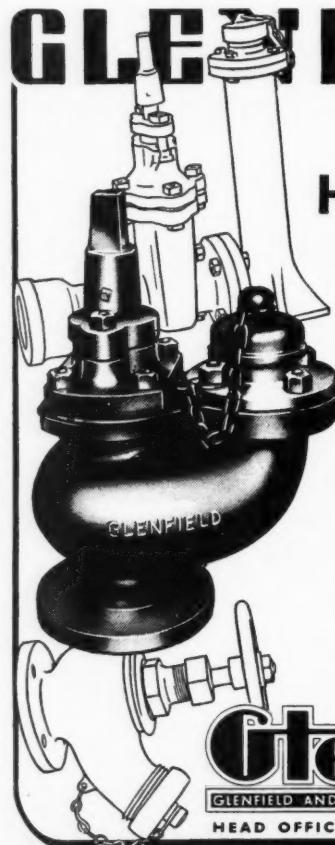
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Glenfield Fire Hydrants are in use all over the world, and have established a reputation for great excellence of design, material and workmanship, coupled with the highest degree of efficiency and reliability.

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Glenfield
GLENFIELD AND KENNEDY LIMITED KILMARNOCK

HEAD OFFICE: KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND



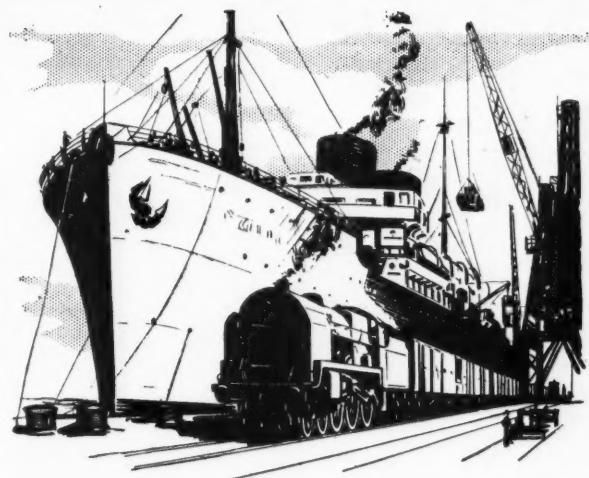
If you're out to beat the Axis—you've got to have tough feet ! Pain from corns, hammer toes and weak arches makes you 'soft' and takes all the drive out of you.

And there's no need for it ! Ninety per cent of all foot troubles can be avoided if people will only have correct treatment. We are proving that day after day at Scholl Foot Service, where our experts are putting hundreds of munition workers and 'front-line' civilians 'on their feet.'

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Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances for men, women and children are obtainable at Scholl Depots, all good chemists, shoe-dealers and stores.

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YOU CAN LEAVE IT TO THE RAILWAYS NOW

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The next and no less complex stage is left to the railways. It is their task to convey and distribute millions of tons of freight to thousands of destinations—urgent material for the war

factories ; food and equipment for the troops ; guns and tanks and aeroplanes and the ever-growing personnel of Dominion and American Armies.

The railways carry these vast and valuable burdens safely and efficiently despite the fact that they have released more than 100,000 skilled workers for the forces, and have sent overseas many locomotives and thousands of railway wagons.

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Tableware of Quality
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Spode has never failed to supply replacements and will do so again after the War.

Spode

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NEW TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM. URIC ACID DISSOLVED.

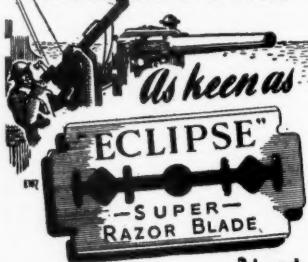
From Dr. Quignon.

With the first twinge of rheumatism, lumbago, or muscular stiffness, it is essential that you take immediate steps to restore the alkalinity of the blood which corrects the cause of these distressing ailments.

Unquestionably the best way of doing this is by drinking alkaline water such as is found at the world-famous Springs of Vichy, Carlsbad, Chatel Guyon and Marienbad. You can now do this in your own home at little cost. The important medicinal properties of the famous curative spas can be reproduced by dissolving a teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' in a tumblerful of warm water. 'Alkia Saltrates' is a finely powdered concentrate of the active elements from seven famous Springs; it makes a pleasant drink which quickly neutralises and washes out the impurities and harmful acids through the kidneys, liver and intestinal tract. With the removal of the cause of rheumatism and allied uric-acid disorders, these painful complaints are quickly and definitely overcome.

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3d. each
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When peacetime comes ask your decorator to use 'Berger' paints on your home. (POMPEIAN Save-a-coat enamel paint and MAISONE washable water paint are favourite home-brighteners)



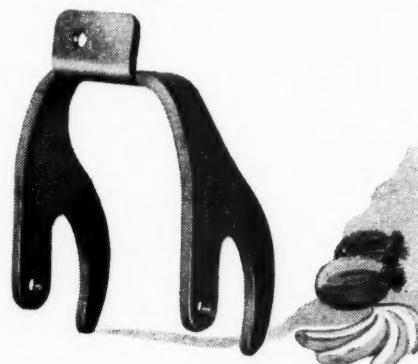
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No! This pugnacious-looking fellow has nothing to do with the origin of species, but is a 'tough customer' in pressings doing a hush-hush job in company with thousands of his fellows from the same 'stable.'

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Guerilla's daughter

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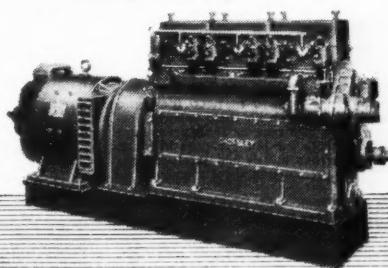
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SIZES: 12 B.H.P. to 120 B.H.P.

incorporate the rugged properties of a heavy-duty engine; are light in weight and of rigid construction. Starting from cold is certain and immediate and working parts easy of access.

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55 k.w. Crossley fully automatic generating set
—marine or land duty.

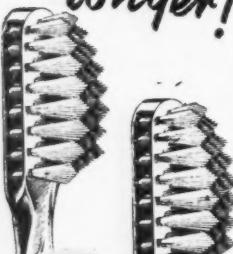


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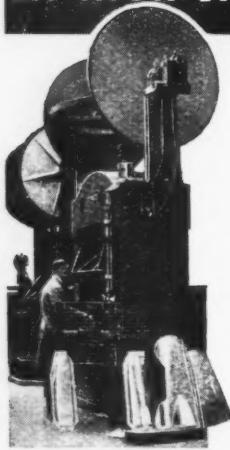
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longer!*



HALEX make the
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AT HIGH SPEED**



Greenbat Screw Presses, which are made in a complete range from 10 to 1,000 tons, have acquired a reputation for their uniform precision work at high speeds. These presses are specially suitable for hot pressings in brass, other non-ferrous metals and steel, and for cold pressings in sheet metal.

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BY

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- ★ Attendance each week on policyholders at about 5,000,000 homes.
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Not Me!"**



Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which, neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether. Thousands of dentists recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice with its special anti-gum-infection ingredient. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.



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SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE.
BONES — even those your dog has done with — are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.

In air-tight jars, 10d.



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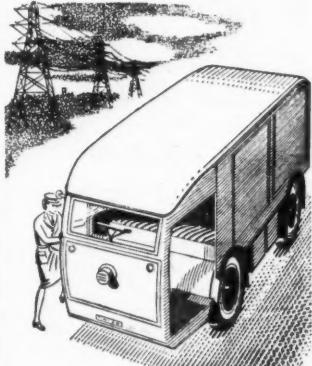
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Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp.
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DOLLS
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DIGESTED. NO SUGAR
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CARAMEL CHOCOLATE VANILLA

4½ D. EACH PER PINT PACKET

Equal delicious served HOT or COLD

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.



Mum's Sister
is my Aunt
She used to be
a secretary she
is now a war worker
she says war work is
hard but the canteen
gets lots of Oxo so
it is quite OK she says.
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OXO

Prepared from
PRIME RICH BEEF



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"Babies love it."



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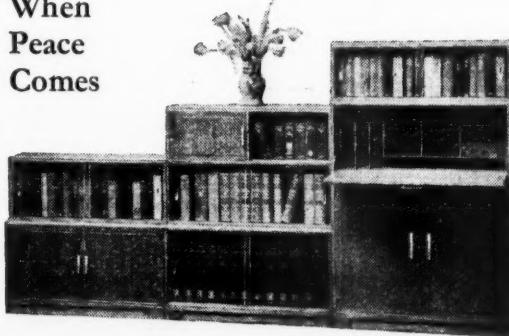
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retains its
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Not how much
but how good

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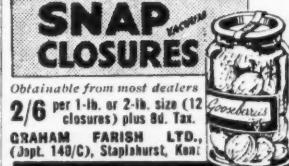


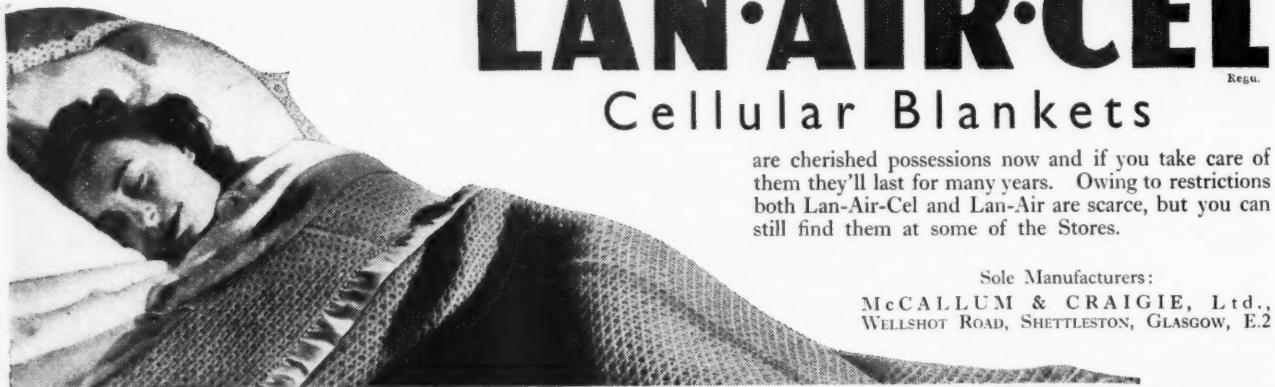
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Cellular Blankets

Regd.

are cherished possessions now and if you take care of them they'll last for many years. Owing to restrictions both Lan-Air-Cel and Lan-Air are scarce, but you can still find them at some of the Stores.

Sole Manufacturers:

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By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI

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As good a food
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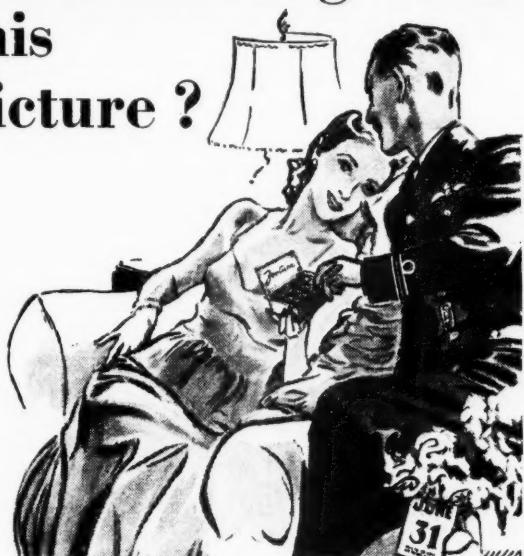
HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

June 7 1943

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER

xxix

What's wrong with this picture?



It doesn't take a moment to spot the most obvious thing wrong. Look at those chocolates they're eating — aren't they Caley FORTUNE Chocolates? Quite impossible of course. No more delicious FORTUNE are being made now, *not until after the war*. Meanwhile, Caley's chocolate stays in battledress — Norwich Plain and Norwich Blended Chocolate in blocks.

In case you haven't discovered errors Nos. 2 and 3—take a look at the R.A.F. officer's sleeve (2) there shouldn't be a loop on his rank markings. (3) Did you ever know of a June with 31 days?

CALEY

MANUFACTURERS

OF

BRIGHT STEEL BARS

THE

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CO. LTD.**HALESOWEN,
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PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER

pocket defiance



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Skirts**

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To give yourself a spot of confidence try standing around with one hand in a hip pocket, just like a man. And make it a "ZWOW" . . . the pocket placket that doesn't gape and has no buttons or other fasteners to spoil the symmetry of your hip line. GOR-RAY Skirts have this new fashion feature.

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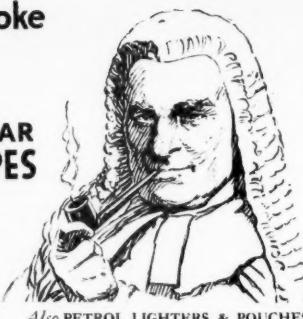
- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

All shrewd Judges smoke



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Established 1899



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Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Rare thou ever wert.
Rarer still in wartime—
Hence the brave new art
Of search for thee
with oft-despairing heart.

With apologies to Percy
Bysshe Shelley—and to
those who follow the quest of

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WAR AND PEACE

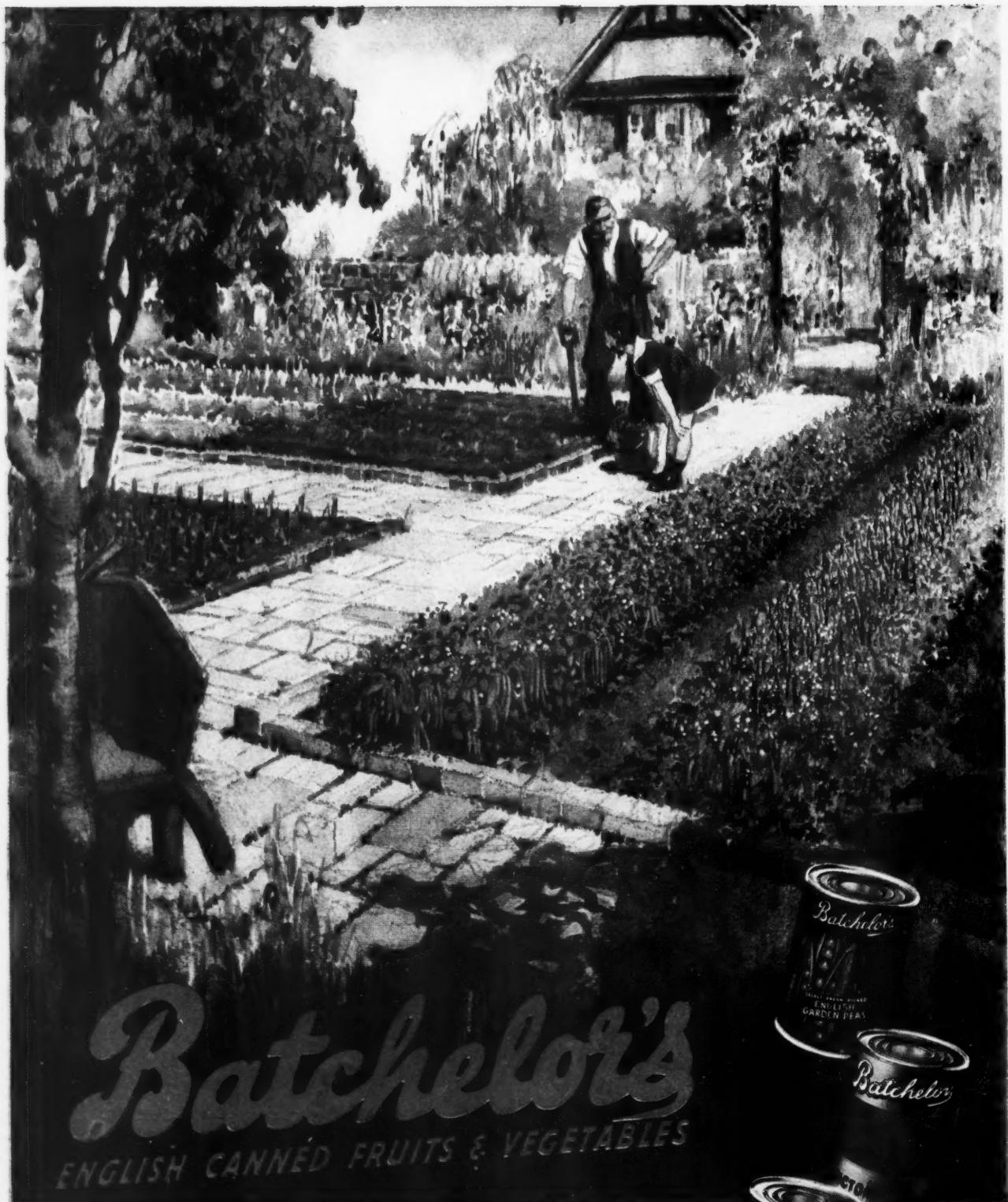


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